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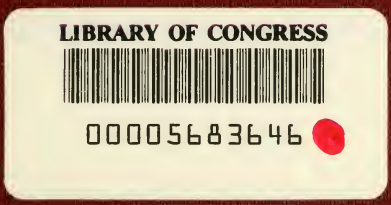


H. W. Smith.

Your Aff. Son

D. P. Dewey

A

MEMORIAL

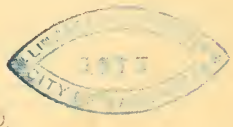
OF

LT. DANIEL PERKINS DEWEY,

OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT

CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS.

Caroline Lloyd



HARTFORD:
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1864.

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Art thou faithful? then oppose
Sin and wrong with all thy might;
Care not how the tempest blows,
Only care to win the fight.

LYRA GERMANICA.

And wheresoe'er in earth's wide field
Ye lift for Him the red-cross shield,
Be this your song, your joy and pride,
"Our Champion went before and died."

KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.

INTRODUCTION.

When this fearful war shall be ended, and this broad land, from one end to the other, shall echo to the "bells of cheer" as they "ring peace and freedom in;" when our cities, towns and villages shall receive their own again, saved from the bloody fields of strife; and when households are made more than happy by the welcome footsteps of returning fathers, husbands, sons and brethren, kindred and friends, it will be with us as it was with Judah of old when the captivity of Zion was released from its bondage; we shall be like them that dream—our heart so filled with transport, our mouth will be filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing;—we shall rehearse the mighty deliverances as one after another tells his thrilling story, and we shall respond to each other, as they did to the exclamations of the wondering heathen around them, "Yea, the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we rejoice."

But in many a once happy home, silence and mourning must take the place of joy and exultation, for however much the heart may sympathize in the general joy, still it must ache while the wounds are yet bleeding over its own lost treasures — its most cherished hopes blighted, its brightest anticipations darkened in perpetual gloom—for a father, a husband, a son, a brother, a kinsman, a friend, who went forth with those armies, returns not, or he is borne silently homeward only to be laid in a grave upon his native soil, and to rest where those who loved him in life may come to weep with bitter tears over the mysterious and terrible necessity which claimed a sacrifice so priceless to their souls. But to confine our minds to the present state of our country, and to look back upon what has already made desolate one home after another, is enough for busy thought and wondering inquiry, when young men of so much promise for any and all the duties and responsibilities of life, are cut down in their early morning, as they have been in this dreadful war. There is but one consolation—God, the fountain of wisdom and the father of mercy, has suffered it to be so, and we must bow in submission to that which now we can not understand.

While we are saying these things, one sad household with its bereaved mother, its younger

sister and brothers, its circle of friends and kindred, rises before us. A first-born son has been taken from its number, and nothing now remains to it but "the silent picture on the wall," the garments, the books, and the letters which so faithfully and so continually revealed his affectionate love and care for all that belonged to home and its cherished inmates, showing that he was the one who brought sunshine and happiness to it and was as a tower of strength to her who bore him.

This was DANIEL PERKINS DEWEY, of Hartford, Connecticut, whose remains, within the past few months, have been restored to his family, after lying for months near the battle-field where he fell. He was a young man of so much promise, known and beloved by so large a circle of relations and friends, so honored by his companions in school, in college, and in the army, that his death has called forth from the voice and from the pen of military superiors, and from companions and friends, a general tribute of praise to his character, and of sorrow at his early removal from us. These testimonials are now gathered up, and, with other remembrances of a life that was indeed like the flower that cometh up and is cut down in the very opening of its beauty, are here presented to those who mourn its short existence as a consolation to their sorrow.

We would also claim the attention of the young to this brief memorial, hoping that they may profit by the bright and noble example which it places before them.

MEMORIAL.

Daniel Perkins Dewey, eldest son of Daniel S. and Elizabeth Perkins Dewey, was born at Hartford, Connecticut, June 18th, 1843. He was baptized in his infancy, by the Rev. George Burgess, the present bishop of Maine, and confirmed by Bishop Clarke, of Rhode Island, when he was eighteen years old. As a child he was docile and obedient, quick in his perceptions of right and wrong, and of great facility even then, in acquiring knowledge; of a sensitive and delicate nature, he preferred the quiet corner with his book, or to interest himself at home with his younger brother, rather than to mingle in the usual out-door amusements of boys of his own age. "Yet," says his mother, "he was no coward; for while he would turn silently away from children who sought to draw him into a quarrel, he often avenged the insults offered those who were weaker or smaller than their oppressors. *He was a boy who spoke the truth and held all sacred things in reverence*, evincing in the religious duties and observances which are required of children, a reverent composure of mind which might well belong to ma-

turer years. There is but one voice from those who had the care of his education—from the milder sway of female authority to the discipline of high school and college—concerning his disposition, his facility in acquiring knowledge, and his exemplary demeanor."

"I remember him," says his teacher, Mr. Harris, principal of the South District School, "when a lad of twelve years, as he entered his class with similar attainments to those associated with him; a few terms pass by and I find him leading his class, exhibiting signs of a deep and clear thinker; the reason why, must always be given to the truth of any statement.

Doubtless his classmates will remember his clear explanations of difficult questions, and when doubt was expressed, how ready was he with page and section to prove his position.

When placed in trying positions he was equal to his task, always sustaining the right and putting down the wrong—always thoughtful and reliable as a pupil. He passed through successive terms, sustaining himself in the first rank in scholarship and deportment. When he left for the high school he was amongst the first in his class."

"And," adds Mr. Harris, "my young friend who sacrificed the pleasures of home, society, friends, and loved pursuits to serve his country, defend its flag, its honor, its institutions, and to

give up his life, if need be, to perpetuate the privileges, which we now enjoy, to future generations, will be remembered by his companions in arms, who fought by his side when he fell a brave defender of those principles which have made us a free, happy and prosperous nation."

After a few years with this estimable teacher, he was received into the High School in Hartford. And to the high position in scholarship and in character to which he attained in that institution we give the unqualified and eloquent testimonial of the principal, Mr. T. W. T. Curtis, from a communication addressed to the mother of young Dewey.

"Immediately after joining the school he took high rank as a scholar. This was the result in part of superior natural gifts, in part of earnest application. He possessed a vigorous, logical, easy-working mind. To think was for him not a labor, but a luxury. He rejoiced in whatever was athletic, whether involving mental or physical effort. His associates and his duties supplied the stimulus suited to an aspiring nature conscious of power to rise to high attainment in whatever is noble and worthy.

His spirit as a student was calm, patient, and determined. He never surrendered. He was not demonstrative. He made no parade of his purposes, but quietly addressed himself to them

with an earnestness of resolution, a pertinacity of spirit and an intelligence of method, which uniformly achieved success.

Perhaps his most prominent trait as a student was thoroughness. He was ill at ease till the whole of a subject was perfectly understood.

In his intercourse with his school-mates he was social and cordial, always happy to oblige others, and relishing with zest all manly sports, while his self-respect and native dignity of character refused to find gratification in whatever was low, puerile, or simply mischievous.

To his teachers he was always courteous and deferential, though never obsequious or courting their favor. On the other hand, I am sure that all his teachers, from the beginning to the close of their connection with him, respected and loved him. For myself I can say that I am able to recall nothing in all his career that I would wish had been different.

The personal qualities which I think he most commonly impressed others as possessing, were a genuine manliness, nobleness, truthfulness, honor, fidelity and courage, both physical and moral.

His character as a Christian was of the best type. There was nothing in it that was spasmodic or excitable. His religious life was calm and deep, yet daily manifest to all.

He was earnest, devoted and influential.

There are many who cherish his memory with affection, who remember his words of private counsel and his active interest in the weekly prayer-meeting of the school.

I can not forbear to mention an incident, trifling perhaps, yet significant, as illustrating the consistency of his Christian character and his courage.

During a summer vacation in the Adirondacks, he unexpectedly joined my camp, together with a companion. There were several rough back-woodsmen, hunters, and guides, attached to our party. The first time I had occasion to notice his personal habit, he had returned from a late evening hunt. As he took his place for the night amidst that group of rude men, he did not forget his mother's God, but quietly and deliberately, as in his own room at home, addressed himself in prayer to that good Being who loves to meet his children in the wilderness as well as at the fire-side altar. I can not soon forget that picture.

Such, in meagre outline, was one known, honored and beloved by the best young men in his native city.

It is not strange that so generous, so noble a nature understood and heeded the wailing cry of his suffering country. And thus another young life, so rich in gifts and full of promise

was cheerfully offered to his God and accepted in consecration to that cause already made sacred by the sacrificial blood of America's noblest sons."

To the incident mentioned by Mr. Curtis, we may add one of a like character to show that the same earnest, childlike faith remained unaltered as the years of this pure-minded, thoughtful boy were ripening into manhood; and, besides, to show to all faithful mothers the ineffaceable impression which their lessons given in early childhood, may make upon the hearts of their children. After his enlistment, while in camp at Hartford, as his mother was leaving him, after a visit to his tent, he asked her if she remembered a hymn she had taught him beginning "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me"—and said, "I always repeat it every night, that, and "Now I lay me."

Is there a person, we might almost say in all Christendom, who does not know that simple prayer—

> "Now I lay me down to sleep
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
> If I should die before I wake
> I pray the Lord my soul to take."

the first one almost that is taught to lisping infancy, and the one which is never forgotten?

And many a hoary head is nightly laid

down under its blessing, while for a moment perhaps, a mother's voice comes back again, through the long, long years that have passed away, and the man of might is a little child again before his Maker—and well he may be, for when he lays him down to unconscious sleep, where is all the power and the wisdom and the superiority which raise him above the condition of the little defenceless child ?

The hymn too, is of the same character and is too beautiful in its confiding faith and simplicity to be omitted.

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care,
Thou hast watched me, warmed me, fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well,
Take me when I die to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell."

This hymn, so simple and confiding in its tone, may seem to some minds almost puerile when repeated as a prayer with which a man and a soldier commends himself into the keep-

ing of the great Lord of all, but in another aspect it reveals a soul of true greatness. The higher a man rises in the knowledge of the majesty of God, the deeper will be his humility before him. Our Saviour addressed his disciples as "little children," yet they were hardy men inured to a life of toil and danger—and to those who humble themselves as little children, is the promise given of being "the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven."

While young Dewey was in the High School, under the supervision of Mr. Curtis, it became his task to compose one of the exercises for a public exhibition, and being in doubt as to the choice of a subject he took a dictionary, saying to his mother, "I will shut my eyes and put my finger upon a word and take that for my subject." The word thus indicated was *frankincense*, and to show the sober-minded thought, and the great beauty of illustration with which a school boy could investigate and present a subject freshly brought to his own mind, we give the whole composition.

"FRANKINCENSE.

An apparently barren subject. What can be said of a 'dry resinous substance,' as Webster describes it. Well, let us look at it before we so hastily pass judgment upon it. 'A dry resinous substance of a

pale yellow color.' Truly its appearance is rather uninteresting. It presents nothing interesting to the sight or to the touch; it is harsh and bitter to the taste; it does not attract the other senses; yet shall we therefore discard it as unworthy of our notice? Firmly convinced, as I am, that there is nothing in existence however insignificant, which will not repay a careful examination, I am not satisfied to leave it thus. We must look beyond its mere outward appearance and aspect, for by these we are often misled. Who would imagine that the lowly arbutus possessed such an exquisite fragrance as that with which it greets the close examiner? The appearance of one of the most delicious dishes upon the epicure's table would never indicate that its component parts once graced the body of a huge green frog. No one would imagine from the mere sight of Plymouth rock that it is of any more consequence than the pavement which we tread in our daily walks. Pearls dwell in oysters. The most beautiful flower is contained within the rough coat of a seed; the apparently light and powerless cloud of steam contains the mightiest principle of locomotion with which we are acquainted. And can we not search out in our subject some hidden qualification to attract our attention? Let us see.

Why did the follower of Mohammed look with so much reverence and respect upon his holy city, Mecca? Why does the American feel such enthusiasm at the sight of his country's flag in a foreign land? Why does each one of us regard with such peculiar feelings some particular spot, some trifling article in our pos-

session, some one passage in the book of our lives? It is because of the associations connected with it, because of the feelings it arouses within us. Mecca was the city of the Mohammedan's prophet. He is taught from his infancy to reverence it because it was once the home of the founder of his faith. The American rejoices at the sight of the 'stars and stripes,' for it tells him of home and of his native country. He hails it as a mark of his nation's glory and the ensign of his own freedom. And so we call to mind, as we visit a certain locality, the occurrence which here took place. We remember the occasion marked by some trifling memento. And the return of some particular day brings with it the recollection pleasing or sad of what on this day took place long before.

But what associations cluster around this yellow gum? What thought does it bring to our mind as we gaze upon its unpromising exterior? Place a piece of it in the hand of the next person you may see, and ask him to tell you what he can about it. Perhaps this person may be a lover of history, and should it be the case his discourse might take somewhat the form of the following:—More than three thousand years ago, a great nation, the Children of Israel, journeyed through the wilderness to Mount Sinai, and then and there they received from God through their prophet, His commands as to the method in which they should perform the service of His house. There they received all their grand old ceremonial forms and usages which marked them as a peculiar people, and so clearly distinguished them from the Gentile nations

about them. And one of the prominent particulars of this service was the burning continually upon the golden altar this substance, frankincense—and for fifteen hundred years its fragrant clouds rose perpetually towards Heaven, filling those sacred courts with emblematic prayer and praise, and bearing upward the fervent petitions of kneeling multitudes, teaching both Pharisee and Publican that so his heart should ascend in all faith and sincerity to his Almighty Creator and Protector; that so his own good deeds should rise as a perpetual incense before his God. But at the end of this time a new light broke upon the world, and the Messiah came. He instituted the reality in the place of the emblem in the service of His Church. But the Jews were too strongly attached to their ceremonial law and they resisted its abolition, and *how* they resisted we all know. They slew their king, and in a few short years the Roman legions, under Vespasiam, were thronging the streets of the holy city—their beautiful temple was destroyed by the sacrilegious hands of pagan soldiers. And there the ceremonial law virtually perished, and from thenceforth the Jews were a scattered people, their religion was without a home. But the burning of incense was again revived in the Christian Church, and at this present day its fragrant perfume rises from a thousand censers swung by the priests of Rome throughout all the world. From all the magnificent cathedrals of Europe, from the less pretending churches of our own land, from the simple edifice of the Roman mission in the far off

wilds, such symbolic prayer and praise is continually taking its way skyward—Heavenward we will not say.

These, perhaps, might be the words of the historian upon this subject, and as they fall upon our own ears they would naturally arouse ideas in us were we the champion of any religious dogma, or inclined to discuss different beliefs; we might enter upon long disquisitions upon the doctrines and usages of the Jewish Church, we might enlarge upon the merits or demerits of Romanism, or taking the duties of the moralist, we might draw many useful and instructive lessons from this short sketch. Were we architects, or sculptors, or artists, the very mention of the splendid buildings of Europe would be sufficient to rouse all our attention and call forth all our knowledge and feelings upon our favorite theme. The scholar easily discovers in the subject much for future inquiry. The poet will always find a theme congenial to his nature in that which to others seems very barren. But all these have little to do with our subject. So we must take only those ideas which have a nearer relation to it.

We find that wherever it has been in use in all religious services, that its good qualities have been developed by the touch of fire, that in its natural state its odor is not remarkably agreeable or pungent, but when exposed to the action of fire, it takes a new form, entirely changed and made suitable for the service to which it is applied. *Fire* works the important alteration. And so it is with mankind in the course of life. Men are like frankincense, for they need the all-pow-

erful touch of *fire* to bring out the *salient point* in their character and to form the noble elements of their character into a harmonious structure of real greatness. The hot fire of raging disease develops in us all our patient endurance and subdues the fierce passions of our nature. Our fortitude and calmness are best declared by our conduct when suffering from the racking torture of intense bodily pain. The fire of terrible affliction brings into action all our submission and faith. And what is more noble, more manly, what better evinces all our firmness of character and self restraint than the curbing in the human heart the fierce fire of angry passions? Were it not for the trying fire our most noble characteristics would never be developed. Where do we find the finest character? From whence come all the old martyrs and heroes and reformers? What developed the energy and resolution of their spirits? It was the fire of persecution and opposition. What has roused the greatest champions of freedom, both political and religious? The fiery oppression of an overbearing tyranny. And so the noble and manly in our nature, like the qualities of frankincense, are brought out by the magic action of fire, and were it not for this subtle element many great characters would never have illuminated this earth by their brilliant examples. But unlike frankincense in one respect the fire of trial and necessity and affliction and persecution, does not destroy, it only purifies and renders more vivid and brilliant the simple gold of nature on which it takes its effect.

With the abolishment of the ceremonial law of the

Jewish Church the emblematic worship before that time in full force was ended, and in its place the reality was substituted. One last great offering finished the sacrificial form. The burning of incense upon the altar was supplanted by the real, fervent prayers of pious worshippers and by the voluntary, spontaneous praise of the pure heart and of all the world, animate and inanimate. Would you see some of the frankincense of nature that rises continually from our beautiful Earth? You have only to walk abroad at any time and you may see it in all its beauty if your heart is not entirely bound down by the worldly ties of a too active life. The innumerable host of created beings are continually sending upward their offerings of frankincense. We find it in the majestic roar of the king of beasts, in the sweet notes of the singing birds, in the tiny hum of the smallest insect, the roar of the mountain cataract, and the musical fall of the mountain cascade, the terrible peal of the thunder, and the resistless rush of the tempest. The silent surface of the placid lake breathes out quietly this incense to Him above. Swift fishes, rejoicing in their activity beneath its waters, add to its volume. All vegetation, every majestic tree, the dark cypress and laurel, the luxuriant jungles of the tropics, the many-colored autumn woods of New England, the nodding daisies of the field, the brilliant gems of the morass, the delicate blossoms of the deep woods, all join in sending to Heaven the frankincense of praise. Painting, science, literature, music, all the liberal arts in their abstract purity, are among the throng of offerers.

And the human heart, and still more the soul, in their first, pure existence, lead the rest of creation in the service. And what a mighty cloud is formed by the unison and blending of all these elements into one great offering of incense to the Maker and Creator of all things!"

From the correspondence of Perkins while at school and college, with his most intimate friend Clarence King, some extracts have been kindly furnished by the mother of the latter. She says, "I have selected several passages which mark his devout spirit toward God and his constant looking toward that blessed life upon which he has now entered, and others, which show his deep love of nature and the vein of jocoseness which brightened the natural seriousness of his mind and demeanor"—and alluding to the deep attachment between her son and his friend, "to whom his soul was knit as David unto Jonathan," "they were one in their keen intellectual zest for the highest mental enjoyment, and one in their fervent desire to become Christ-like in heart and life. I never saw a truer love of nature than in your son's heart and eye, for he saw and felt. I remember how he lifted his eyes to the fine old hills at Brattleboro when he was leaving us, and said, "Shall I ever see so much beauty again?"

"Only the night before Clarence left me for his long western journey, during a long night's talk, he spoke of him as most dear and valued, and said, "If he lives he will make a great man."

We copy these extracts. The first one is a boy's expression of friendship and hope and constancy; so elevated and far reaching in its hopes and anticipations!—"How very sweet it is to have this bond of Christian fellowship; without it our friendships would be nothing, liable to be broken at any moment; now it forms a link which nothing can break here or hereafter. I pray most earnestly that this Christian life and fire may be kept brightly burning, and be the motive power of all our future lives."

"I have just been reading an account of the terrible accident at Lawrence, and it has filled me with thankfulness for the mercies of our Father, who has kept me from all harm through our many adventures, and surely some of them were full of peril. Life is very uncertain. I hope I may be ready to go at any moment."

"He was 'ready.'"

"To morrow is Easter Sunday. I shall think of you often, and you will, I know, remember me. When we celebrate the resurrection of the Redeemer we can rejoice that he is *ours*, and that wherever we are nothing can deprive us of

his love nor of the sure hope of everlasting life through His blood. May God keep us true to Him and 'unspotted from the world,' and then after this brief fight of life we shall forever be at rest!'"

"O, my brother, what longings to be always with you were awakened by our brief meeting last week! We will not always be parted; we are going somewhere beyond the regions of this earth, for we are not altogether 'of the earth, earthy.' Pray for me always even if we should be so far separated as to be wholly out of the reach of communication. I mean, of course, in *body*, for we can never be separated in spirit. That is a glorious thought. Though our bodies may be lying in their last resting places, our souls may always meet each other, and *finally* meet to part no more."

"Sunday evening is so different now. No, C—— and J—— to meet and walk with, watching the fine sun-sets and cloud-pictures. How often have we walked up and down Washington street, and talked as boys seldom do. Truly we have had a strangely happy boyhood together. I hope the cares of life may never take from us the feelings we now have, but that we may be an example of brotherly Christian love amongst *men*."

"To-night I shall go out and walk, though it

rains and howls. It will quiet me, for I love a storm,—it lifts me above common thought."

Was this feeling in unison with that of the poet Keble when he heard in the tempest and the whirlwind, voices proclaiming the power and the love of God?

> "They know the Almighty's power,
> Who, waken'd by the rushing midnight shower,
> Watch for the fitful breeze
> To howl and chafe amid the bending trees,—
> Watch for the still, white gleam
> To bathe the landscape in a fiery stream,
> Touching the tremulous eye with sense of light
> Too rapid and too pure for all but angel's sight.
>
> "They know the Almighty's love,
> Who, when the whirlwinds rock the topmost grove,
> Stand in the shade, and hear
> The tumult, with a deep, exulting fear;
> How in their fiercest sway,
> Curb'd by some power unseen, they die away,
> Like a bold steed that owns his rider's arm,
> Proud to be check'd and sooth'd by that o'ermastering charm."

"My dear old mathematics I give up with a real regret; mathematics first brought you and me together, old fellow; is not there poetry in that?"

"It does not seem right to go fishing without you and Z——. It is not pleasant to see some

one else fishing in a hole against which I knew you *had a grudge*. But we'll try it together yet, and many times I hope. Maine and New Brunswick loom up in my imagination, backed by recommendations of the immortal F. F. Just think of catching a salmon! wouldn't it be glorious. "Nil desperandum,"—we'll go there."

"The road to Manchester was the same as ever, but without all those beautiful wild flowers which bloom along its sides. Our pretty little violets were just beginning to look green, but the hill where the lupines grew was brown and bare. The Hockanum was black and still as ever. It always reminds me of the ancient Styx, or of the last river we shall cross. It is so dark and solitary. That fine little hill where our camp stood has been cleared, but the old maple at the brookside is there in all its singleness, and as I passed under its thick branches, I thought of all our pasts held in its shadow, feasts of trout and chocolate, and how we used to lie there and discuss our plans. It all seems like a dream now. But there was a very strange reality in yesterday's experience, for all day there raged a fierce March wind, colder than a patent freezer and keener than Attic salt! Both of us were lightly clad, and it was very interesting, to say the least. At various points in

the proceedings B——, who did not see the fun of it at all, would whang down his rod and perform the latest figures of the Feejee war dance, with appropriate cries and gestures."

"College is all in a military furor just now. A company is being organized, and everybody expects to join. I suppose we are to go South and fight for *State rights*. I have become a regular fire-eater, and practice swallowing a few coals before breakfast every morning, just to keep in trim."

"I am getting more and more anxious to go to the war. I am convinced that this trouble is no transient outbreak to be quelled in a few months, but that it is a great struggle to test the power of our government and purge us from our national sins. I am thoroughly convinced that it is my duty to be amongst the defenders of our national principles, and would go to the war immediately but for the pressure of other duties which hold me here for a time."

"TRINITY, OCT. 21ST.

DEAR BROTHER,—

It is almost dark, and I am sitting here in my room and longing to see you, O, ever so much. I want to tell you so many things that I can't very well write,—and I want to write

you a Sunday note just as I used to,—but of late I have felt very wicked. I have felt sometimes almost like murmuring at God's dispensations; I have not had that loving humble feeling toward my Saviour, that I should have—but when I really think, I still feel that firm trust and confidence in his merciful power, and look forward to a brighter future if not here, at least where we shall both be for eternity. O, Clare, what would this world be with all its deceitful pleasures, with all its vanity and heartlessness, with all its trials and troubles and anxieties, if it were all we had to look to. No, there is another world beyond, yea and above this one, and every thing there is bright and pure and lovely and peaceful, and you and I will, if we 'so run,' at last meet on its shining shore. The very thought is enough to reconcile one to any amount of pain and anxiety now. Yet how often when busy with the affairs of the world do we forget all about it, and fret and murmur at our lot. My earnest prayer is that I may have an obedient, contented, humble heart; so bear my trials that I may be purified and made better by them, and thus learn to enjoy real pleasures more than those furnished by the world.

But it is growing too dark to write. I will write you soon again. Try to write at least

once a week. Remember me to all the fellows. Good bye, and may God bless you.

Your Brother,

D. P. Dewey."

Of the "trials and troubles and anxieties" which at this time weighed down the soul of this noble minded boy it is not necessary to speak particularly. It is enough to say that they were of a nature so painful and so trying that the determination and strength of manhood, unsustained by Christian faith and courage, would have trembled under their weight; but with what faith and patience and childlike submission he seeks to draw from them the lesson they were sent to teach, and to be borne upward in his Christian course by his saddest experiences!

After attaining a high standing in the institution over which Mr. Curtis so successfully presided, Perkins Dewey entered Trinity College, Hartford, and there the same close habits of study, the same honorable, manly, straightforward endeavor, the same settled, earnest, religious spirit marked this young disciple of Christ, which had been as "ornaments of grace about his head and as chains about his neck," while he gained one point beyond another in his onward progress; and although he was cut down before he had received the honors which

undoubtedly would have been awarded him at the close of his college course, yet the record of his faithfulness is not wanting from the highest officer of that institution, although it was given as he stood sorrowfully by his cold remains as they lay in the house of God.

Professor Brockelsby, also, so widely known and respected as a professor in Trinity College, adds his affectionate and honorable testimony to the worth of this young man. He writes:—

"Young Dewey entered Trinity College in the fall of 1860, and from that time till his departure for the war, I met him almost daily in my classes. From his entrance he stood among the first scholars of his class, and was remarkable for his solid sense and clear intellect. What were difficulties to others were mastered by him with ease, and it was a pleasure, in the recitation, to hear his luminous exposition of the subject before him.

But with all his ability there was no ambitious display, and he won the love and esteem of his teachers and companions by his modest and unassuming manners. He was firm in principle, and seeking Divine guidance, earnestly endeavored to do his duty, whatever discouragements and perplexities beset his path. A bright and useful future seemed to be before

him. It was indeed brilliant, and heroic: but how brief!

Yet life is made up not of years but of *deeds;* and who can say but that my noble young friend has not better fulfilled the purposes of his existence than many of us who watched over his youth, and wept above his tomb!

In his death the college mourns the loss of one of her brightest jewels."

At the time that young Dewey joined the army he had reached the beginning of his junior year in college. The year before, a company had been formed by the students for drill and other military exercises; of this company he was a member. From the first outbreak of the war his thoughts and wishes were growing more and more earnest to join the army. During his summer vacation, in 1862, he went with some of his young friends on an excursion to Canada, at the time that some of our citizens had fled thither to escape the draft. His little party was apprehended and detained on the way upon suspicion of going there for the same purpose. This circumstance only increased his desire to go to the war, and enroll himself at once amongst the champions of order, freedom and good government. But upon reflection he deferred it till he should return

to Hartford; then with a simple and earnest appeal he asked the consent of his mother to join the twenty-fifth regiment, which was at that time encamped at Hartford. "Mother, it is my duty; don't refuse me!" His whole heart and soul seemed to be absorbed in this one wish; his determination was inflexible, only awaiting some sign of acquiescence from his mother, while she stood, unwilling to damp the ardor of a soul burning with patriotism and filled with high resolve of duty and self-sacrifice and unable to say the word which gave her noble son as an offering to his country—that son, upon whom even in his youth her spirit rested with so much confidence for comfort, for assistance, and for counsel, and who gave her such well-grounded promise for all her future years—he turned from her, gathering her consent from her unwonted silence, and without delay joined the twenty-fifth regiment Connecticut volunteers, where he remained until his death.

His letters from the time of his enlistment till the fatal battle of Irish Bend, will be read with interest by those for whom this memorial is intended—the friends who knew and appreciated his worth — the soldiers who were his companions in arms and, during the short time of their intercourse with him, had learned to

love and honor him—for all who would follow *one* out of the thousands and tens of thousands who have left a home of comfort and enjoyment, friends the most beloved, and all the opportunities of improvement in quiet study, in refined society, in the priceless advantages of religious instruction, with all other privileges of the church of Christ, and gone forth heroically and cheerfully with their lives in their hands, to stand in the face of danger and of death, and to contend against a deadly enemy in the cause of that God whose throne is the habitation of justice and judgment, and before whose face mercy and truth have their eternal dwelling-place.

We give the letters in the order in which they were written, from the time of his first encampment with his regiment in Hartford, until almost his last weary night of service. The first was written from the camp at Hartford, to his only sister who was at school in New Haven.

CAMP HALLECK, Sept. 30th, 1863.

MY DEAR FANNIE:—I received your letter some time ago, but I have put off answering it until now, as I have had neither opportunity nor the means of writing. To-day I am corporal of the guard over the

drafted men or rather over the camp where the drafted men ought to be, but are not. They have a camp just south of the 22d, but for the last week there has not been a man in it. Nevertheless a guard is sent over every morning, from the 25th, to take care of them, but as the tents are all empty the guard is not very strict, so that we have an easy time. The sentinels sit down or stand up, smoke, sing and eat, in fact, do about as they are a mind to. This is not so however in the other camp, there they are very strict. The guard is detailed every morning at breakfast time, and goes on duty at nine and remains on duty till nine next morning. The whole guard is divided into three parts, called "reliefs," one of which goes on duty every three hours, relieving the one before it, so that sentinels are on their beat two hours and off four, but they must be at the guard house that four hours, so that on the whole it is no easy matter to "mount guard." I have been on twice before as private, and once as a corporal, so that I know a little about it. I was appointed acting corporal Sunday morning, but can't tell whether I shall be made a real corporal or not. Guess I shall though, and perhaps higher, as things look now.

Our regiment is nearly full and will be sworn in and equipped in a few days, and soon after sent off. The 22d is all ready and will go off it is said, day after to-morrow, (Thursday,) and then we shall go into their tents. It is very pleasant and much more comfortable in barracks, but we don't have so many visitors, so that it is rather dull. We drill four hours every

day, two in the morning and two in the afternoon. Sometimes the heat is excessive and sometimes the ground is wet and slippery and then it is fun to see the men slide. Roll call at 5.50 in the morning, breakfast at six. The officers drill from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$, guard mounting at 8, drill from $9\frac{1}{2}$ till $11\frac{1}{2}$, dinner at 12, drill again at 2, dress parade at 5.30; then nothing more except supper till 9, when all the companies fall in for roll call, and at $9\frac{1}{2}$ all lights must be put out and the barracks quiet. And this is the way we live every day. Our food is plain but plenty. We have coffee or tea at every meal, but no milk, generally. We have beans or soup for breakfast, fresh or salt meat, or soup and vegetables for dinner; at supper, hominy or rice and occasionally stewed apples, and bread at all meals without butter. To-day we had beef-steak and sweet potatoes, but that is unusual. Mother keeps me well supplied with fruit and sometimes sends me little nice things from home. Yesterday she made me a present of a fine silver watch to take to the war. So you see that thus far my soldier-life has not been very hard. My health, and in fact, that of the whole regiment has been very good, and we are all in a hurry to go off. If I can get a furlough I shall visit New Haven, and come and see you.

It is about time to take my men over to supper, so that I can not write much more. Be a "good girl," and if I do not come back from the war, as perhaps I may not, be good to mother. Nothing will please her more than to have you improve in your studies and character. Try to become good as well as accom-

plished, and do not be misled by any bad influences about you. Write to me soon and tell me how you are getting along, and all about school. Good bye, remember me to Julia, and all the girls.

Your loving brother,

D. P. Dewey.

The regiment left their camp at Hartford, in the early part of November, and Perkins writing from the next encampment, "Camp Buckingham," East New York, under date of November 15th, says:—

"Dear Mother:

We had a pleasant trip to New York, and the captain of the boat said he never had a more orderly regiment aboard. We had to sleep on the floor, but were so tired that we slept soundly. We disembarked at Williamsport, where breakfast was served out to us through the exertions of Colonel Almy, the Connecticut agent in New York. Then we marched out here, and a pretty tough pull it was, but the day was pleasant and the air cool, and we rested several times, so that we stood it pretty well. We have been very busy since, and I broke off from work to write now,—but there is a gentleman on the ground who offers to carry letters to New York, and I am improving the opportunity.

Do write to me at once, for I am beginning to be homesick already."

TRANSPORT MARY BOARDMAN,
Dec. 3d, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER:

I received your last letter yesterday. It went out to Centreville, and then through the exertions of the chaplain, was brought aboard. I was sorry not to see you before you left, but everything was in such a snarl that I really did not know what was going to happen, nor how to act from one minute to another. The order came for us to move Thursday night, as I told you in my note, but Friday passed, and either it was countermanded or something happened to prevent its execution. I rather expected some one out to the camp, but no one came. Friday night we did not expect to move until the next week. However, all was uncertainty, and as I saw A. C—— on the ground early Saturday morning I asked him to go to Henry's place and beg you to come out immediately, and if he had done so, as he did not, I should have seen you. We did not leave till three o'clock P. M. I watched for you but you did not come, and I had to console myself the best way I could. I looked for you all the way in, but did not much expect to see you, as we did not reach Brooklyn till after dark and it was raining great guns, as it did most of the way in. We marched ten miles in three hours and a half, after drilling all the morning. We went down Atlantic street to the South Ferry and embarked on board this boat, the Mary A. Boardman, a small, black screw propeller. There are about 350 men, one company (K) being on board the She-Kiang, a

large, white side-wheel steamer, and the rest of the regiment (five companies) are on the Empire City, another steamer; so you see we are pretty well divided up. Our vessel, I think, is the best sea-goer. She was built for the China trade and has been to Pensacola and Newbern before. I think she is safer than any of the others, although smaller. I would describe to you, if I could, our accommodations, but I can not do them justice. The cabin where we sleep is too low for a six-footer to stand upright in except between the beams of the deck above. In this space there are three tiers of bunks made of rough boards, and each man in consequence has less than two feet in height and in width has eighteen inches; in length, four feet six inches—(I am four feet eight inches tall) and in this small space each man is expected to stow himself and all his traps. Between the two sides where the bunks are, a double row of rifle boxes is laid and on these company B sleeps—rather poor beds, but they have more room over head. My bunk is near the end, and near a port hole usually open and once in a while a breath of pure air comes in, but the atmosphere of the place at night, with over three hundred men sleeping or trying to sleep in it, is perfectly awful. The odors and sounds that arise make it almost intolerable. I could easily stand the inconvenience of being crowded if to it was not added such a risk of health. I tremble to think of the time when we are all sea-sick. Habit has made it endurable, even comfortable sometimes, now, but I fear the worst is to come. The first night aboard, being tired by the

march, I slept well. That night, (Saturday,) we lay out in the channel, expecting to sail next morning. In the morning the captain came to me knowing my skill with an oar, and asked me if I would like to be detailed on a boat's crew to pull between the vessel and the shore, and you will readily believe I didn't say no. So all day Sunday we lay in the same place, and I pulled back and forth in a life-boat, busy all day long, and it was an inexpressible relief from the constraint and monotony of the vessel. Many gave me commissions to do on shore, and I had some business of my own, and I almost ran my legs off. That night I tried to sleep in my bunk again, but I was obliged to clear out and go on deck till I got chilled through, and then came down for another hour or so, and thus I spent the night. Monday came, but no signs of sailing, and it was spent by me in the same way as Sunday, and that night I bunked out on deck and slept finely. Yesterday morning, (Tuesday,) I rowed again, and in its course I visited a barber, took a thorough bath, had my hair cut and all my whiskers taken off; my face is now as smooth as yours. At noon we sailed and thought ourselves fairly started, but alas! we had to haul to opposite Staten Island, owing to something wrong in the order and lay here all night, to the immense disgust of all. I slept on deck again and shall do so hereafter. This morning we are expecting to sail every minute; the sooner the better. We have been on shipboard four nights already and shall be two or three more, but no one is anxious to prolong the time.

I shall send this letter back by the pilot; as soon as I get anywhere I will write again and give my address; until then you need not send any letters, though I wish you would write every day, if possible, and send me all in a bunch when you do send.

Love to all, the boys, Aunt Susan, Mary "Jane," etc., and be assured of mine to you.

Good bye,

D. P. Dewey.

Sunday, Dec. 7th, 1862.
Transport Mary A Boardman.

Dear Mother:

We have been a week on shipboard and shall be another, if not more. Soon after I finished my last letter orders came aboard with directions for the Col. to open them after twenty-four hours' sailing to the south. At two o'clock the next day they were opened, found to be orders to sail with all speed to Ship Island in the Gulf of Mexico, near the mouth of the Mississippi, where the 12th went. This was a surprise to all and was hardly credited at first, but it must be so, for we have been steaming away to the south ever since, and are now somewhere on the lower coast of Georgia. We would have been farther but for a terrific old gale that struck us near Hatteras and continued with great violence for about twelve hours, being at its height about twelve o'clock Friday night, when nearly every wave washed over us from stem to stern. In the morning the smoke-stack was white with a crust of salt from the spray. Our little steamer

stood it splendidly. She mounted the huge rollers like a cork, and when we were going down the sides of one the deck looked like the roof of a house only much steeper. I tell you there were some scared aboard. However, there was no real danger at any time, and as it was impossible to sleep on deck with any degree of comfort, I went below and slept like a top till morning. Strange to say among all the sea-sickness I have not suffered from it at all yet, I do not think I shall; but it is the first time though I hope not the last. I should not dare to be sick now, I have laughed so much at the others. It is dreadful lonesome here on the ocean, we've seen no land since the first night. It is all sea and sky with occasionally a school of porpoise or a gull, or away off in the distance a sail. Vessels however, do not come very near us. Low black steamers are too suspicious in these days of privateers and blockades to invite close acquaintance. But we shall have to stop soon to coal, probably at the Tortugas, an island at the southern extremity of Florida; and if we do I shall try to send a letter home. If I do you must not say anything about our destination, if the information reaches you before it is made public. I have written until my fingers ache.

7 *A. M., Wednesday, Dec.*, 1862. We are now lying in front of Fort Jefferson on the dry Tortugas which we reached last night about 3 o'clock. All has been well and pleasant especially the weather since Sunday, which is as mild and pleasant as June. I

can hardly realize that it is the 20th of December, but so it is.

This island where we are lying is a small one and as we look at it from the steamer is nothing but sand, with a big fort around it. We may have a chance to see the inside of it, if we land, and then I can tell better about it. At present I see no prospect of any fruit or anything else different from our sea fare. I am going to mail this from here, although you may never get it, but there is a chance of it and I shall try. I know the chaplain will do his best and that is a good deal. Love to all, and lots to yourself.

Your affectionate son,

D.

SHIP ISLAND, DEC. 15TH, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER:

We arrived here this morning, after a very pleasant trip of thirty-six hours from Tortugas. We are now lying just off shore, and can not say whether we shall land or not. I hope so by all means, as we have been on this old steamer long enough to be tired of it. We landed at Tortugas, from which place I mailed a letter which you must have received by this time. We spent about twelve hours, bathing, lounging and looking about. It was one of the greatest reliefs I ever had to get on shore again and lie down on the ground. Inside the fort it was much pleasanter than outside. The trees and grass are in full leaf and the air is as warm as summer, although the soldiers of the garrison said it was the coldest day they had had for some months and were amazed at our idea of going

into the water; but we went notwithstanding. The vegetation was entirely different from anything I have ever seen. The ground was mostly composed of bare sand, particles of coral and shells; but here and there were patches of long and wonderfully soft grass. There were many tall cocoanut palms with their long, fan-like leaves, and one date palm, besides acacia trees and mangroves; everything was entirely tropical. The fort itself is of brick and one of the largest I ever saw; it is nearly a mile in circumference and the walls in the thinnest part are nine feet thick; it has six sides with a bastion at every corner on which is mounted a ten inch columbiad—one of them is a twelve incher, from which they fired a salute when we left. The weight of it was 15,145 lbs., and it carries a shot weighing 128 pounds; a pretty good sized popgun. Outside the fort is defended naturally by long and wide sand-shoals, over which no vessel can approach and the only channel is so protected that it would be sure death for anything to attempt it. On these shoals are thousands of shells of all kinds and sizes and colors, and great quantities of beautiful coral and sea weed. I picked up some of the smaller shells to send home, but I don't know how I can do it at present.

After loading our coal we had a dress parade in the fort and then embarked again and set sail. This last short trip has been the most pleasant of all the voyage. We have been sailing in the warm and smooth waters of the gulf of Mexico, watching flying fish and porpoises and nautilus and sun fish, and all the won-

ders of the sea. At night in these latitudes the stars are very brilliant, and in the water are thousands of phosphorescent sparks whenever there is any commotion, so that the vessel leaves a light trail far behind it, and then we have some splendid "sings" every night to while away the time.

But I could not say all I wanted to about the sights of this new country if I was to write till to-morrow—so I must leave the rest till I can tell you about it. Of course in viva voce I am well, but we all have to be careful as the climate is treacherous, producing a fever which is almost always fatal; but it is now the most healthful season and there is little real danger.

I must adjourn now for dinner.

Your affectionate son, D.

* * * *

Dear Mother:

Of Ship Island we saw but little, but I saw enough to make me glad we were not going to stay there. It is a long, low sand-bar; the sand is the finest I ever saw, with no sign of vegetation except some vines that run along the ground, some leaves of which I enclose. Perhaps with all your botanical knowledge you can tell what it is. At day-break this morning we were off the mouth of the Mississippi and all day we have been steaming up its muddy waters, following close in the wake of the North Star, which leads the way with Head-quarters aboard. We are the second ship of the fleet, thus far, although there is a big steamer just behind doing her best to get ahead of us, and I guess she will do it as the M. B. is rather a slow concern. We passed forts Jackson on one side and St.

Phillip on the other, and they fired a salute in honor of us.

I am terribly disappointed in the "Father of Waters." There is very little about it so far that it is majestic or beautiful. It is narrow and muddy, the banks but for the novelty of their vegetation and dwellings, would be very uninteresting. We are passing continually plantations of rice, sugar and cotton, and nearly every house has an orange grove with trees in full bloom and fruit. We look with longing eyes upon them but can not get any. An old negress in the generosity of her heart came out with her arms full and tried to throw them aboard, but alas! they went only a few feet from the shore. However, we will soon get plenty of them, I suppose. I have written enough for such a hot day and I will wait till it is cooler and scribble some more, but for fear I don't, I will give you my address again. It is name, company, regiment, Gen. Banks' Expedition via Washington. Please write immediately, and often, and send all the Vanity Fairs or other papers you can get.

Yours, lovingly,

D. P. Dewey.

Baton Rouge, La.,
Christmas, 1862.

Dear Mother:

Here I am away down in Louisiana, my first Christmas from home, and to-day I have thought of old Hartford and those in it, many times. But there is little use in wishing to be there, as it is unavailing, and I must make the best of it. Acting upon this same

idea I made a purchase of some corn-bread this morning, from a slave and a box of sardines, which with fried bacon and potatoes that Uncle Sam furnished us made up my Christmas dinner. I tried to get a chicken but did not succeed, and in fact it is hard to get anything at all at any price.

I went to church this morning with the adjutant and a squad, at the Roman Catholic Church, the only one open. The congregation was composed chiefly of soldiers, as the town is almost entirely deserted, but there were more and a better class of people than I should have imagined, and the singing was very good. Not equal to Christ Church to be sure, but nevertheless excellent. The Romanists here are chiefly French Creoles, a very respectable set of people, who are mostly neutral in the war, which accounts for their being in town. It is saddening to go through this town, formerly a flourishing place, but now half burnt, with great black ruins standing everywhere, and often a house with a huge hole in its walls or roof where some shell or ball has made its way. The grass actually growing in the middle of the street, and the stores are all closed with few exceptions. The people creep about as if half scared to death. I am thankful that most of my friends are in a land of peace, and do not live in daily fear of their lives and property. People at the North can not begin to understand the reality of this war, but at the South it is brought home to them with terrible reality. Provisions of all kinds are scarce and high. Flour can not be had at any price. Crowds of people come into the camp,

anxious to buy anything, often giving gold and silver rather than go away empty. Salt, so cheap at the North, brings fabulous prices. Lard and butter a dollar a pound; sugar, the cheapest, is fifteen cents a pound, &c. There is no milk or eggs, or salt meat, tea or coffee, in fact nothing but sweet potatoes and corn-meal, and they are high for this region. The only thing that is low is the "Contrabands," these are plenty at a low figure—our camp is full of them. They swarm in, whole plantations of them at a time. They are turned over to the Provost Marshall, who sets them at work. All teams, or horses (most miserable beasts the whole of them) are confiscated in the same way and set to work, so that much hard work is taken from the soldiers.

Perhaps you would like to learn my movements since my last letter which was written on the way up the river. I have hardly room to give you the outlines at present. *Perhaps* sometime I shall get home to tell you more. We reached N. O. on Sunday eve., Dec. 17th, and lay there without disembarking through Monday, during which time we ate oranges enough to make up for our long abstinence on the voyage. Early Tuesday noon we set sail for "up the river," where, we did not precisely know, although it was supposed to be this place, as it turned out. There were five transports and four gun-boats on this expedition. All went well until noon, when we were startled by having our arms delivered to us, (they had been kept in the boxes until now,) together with four pounds of ammunition, and it was rumored that we

were to go into action within twenty-four hours, much to the dissatisfaction of many who knew nothing about the use of the musket. We went immediately to drilling, but nothing happened until night, when we were ordered to sleep on our arms for an alarm. I turned in on deck as usual, but about half-past nine was routed out, the sailors clearing away the boat under which I slept, ready to land the troops, and it was said we were to land and capture some rebel batteries up the river a few miles. After that we went on slowly "feeling" our way, with two gunboats in advance, one about the middle of the line and one in the rear, expecting to be fired upon every minute. After keeping awake about an hour I became sleepy and went below and slept till morning as calmly as if at home. We reached Baton Rouge where we found the U. S. frigate Mississippi and the iron-clad gunboat Essex, a queer looking craft, which, if I have time, I will sketch for you. The town was in possession of the rebels. We dropped anchor in the stream and the Essex drew along shore and commenced shelling the place. After about twenty shots the enemy skedaddled to Port Hudson, about twenty miles above, where it is said there are fifteen thousand rebels, where probably, the right general guide will see his first battle. We soon after landed and encamped. Our camp life I will describe to you soon.

I have written to no one thus far, but to you, and it will not do; yet I wish you to hear as often as possible, and write to the girls, and Henry, and Aunt Susan, and others at the same time, which I can not do; so I

would like you to send my letters and direct them to send mine to you. I will then write to each in turn. So for the present one letter must do for all—and will you write to me and tell the others to write as often as possible and a little oftener, even if I do not write to them, for it is harder work than they imagine. I send you some rose-buds from the Court House yard, picked to-day, Dec. 25th, mid-winter. Will you send one to the girls? My love to all, and be assured of my earnest regard and constant remembrance yourself. The colonel sends his regards.

Your loving son,

D. P. Dewey.

Baton Rouge, Jan. 14th.

Dear Mother:

I can not send a letter home without a few lines to you, especially as your letter which arrived yesterday reveals the fact that you are anxious about me. So I must seize this chance to assure you that I am in splendid condition physically and have been so, ever since I left the North. Camp life does not wear upon me scarcely at all and in fact, not half so much as my summer expedition did. Everything is regular, which is a great deal for me. There is a set time for drilling, resting, eating and sleeping. Food is plain and plentiful. I have gained some ten pounds of weight. I am not exposed to work or to weather as I have been, and the colds, rheumatisms, fevers and other ailments which have siezed others, have left me unharmed. Excepting the separation from home I could

not well be more contented and jolly; not that we have an easy time by any means, far from it, by what you will see I have written Fannie, but hard work is not so hard when you know just what you have to do and how to do it and have regular, invariable rests. Occasionally, that is when our turn comes, the company go out on picket duty, when we take our sleeping arrangements and rations and march out to the picket post, generally one or two miles from the main camp—we go in the morning and remain twenty-four hours. The main company is posted as a reserve, usually at some deserted house or sheltered spot. Advance post, or the real pickets are then posted some distance in advance, two or three together, the posts being in calling distance of each other. One of these pickets must be always awake and watching. Half of the reserve have also to be on their feet; in case of an attack these pickets fall back to the reserve and the reserve to the camp, keeping the enemy in check till the line of battle can be formed. So you see what it means when you read that the pickets were driven in. When we are on picket duty we usually spend our spare time in foraging, by which means we get our sweet potatoes, sugar and molasses, &c. At our last post the chief spoil that we foraged was molasses from an old deserted sugar factory, and pea-nuts, which we dug in a field and roasted. So you see there are some advantages in outpost duty. There is a prospect of more very soon. We are under orders to be ready for a march at any moment, and Gen. Banks' expedition is expected up to review us in a few days,

When we do fight, I most heartily hope we shall do better than the reports that we get inform us they are doing north of us.

But I have written more than I expected already. I shall send this as far as N. Y. by Serg't Hubbell, who has received a commission in the 21st Conn., and is going home. So you will be sure to get it.

Good bye,

With much love,

D.

BATON ROUGE, Jan. 14th.

DEAR FANNIE:

I received the first letter from home yesterday, being the second one Mother has sent me. The first has not reached me yet, but I hope it will. I learned from the second letter that you had left school, so that I can not now write to you and Julie together; so you must send this to her wherever she is. The first part of it was written about a mile from here, from which place we moved the next Sunday, being ordered into the town, as it was feared that the rebels were going to attack us in great numbers. Some how or other they manage to take our days of rest from us. We moved out there New Year's day, back on Sunday, and every Sunday there is almost as much work to do as on any other day. Pretty busy times, I tell you. I will tell you how we spend the day. The bugle sounds at 5½ A. M., when we fall in under arms, and form the regimental lines on the double quick, and take our places behind an earthwork (which I helped

by the way, to make.) Here we have to stand till daylight to be ready for an attack, which the rebels are very fond of making just about that time. After we get back from the ground we have breakfast, at eight guard mounting, nine to ten, drill, eleven to twelve, drill, half-past twelve, dinner, after dinner we drill from two to four, dress parade at half-past four, supper next. Tattoo with roll call at eight, taps lights out, at nine. So we live every day, and it keeps us pretty busy too and tired, so that writing or reading time is scarce. Write often and a great deal. Give my love to all; Mother, the boys, Nap and Kitty, Maggie, and all the rest.

Good bye,

From your brother,

D.

Dear Mother:

I received your last letter and Fannie's day before yesterday, and although I was delighted to hear from home, I was sorry to hear that you had been sick. The last news, however, was encouraging and I hope soon to hear of your complete recovery. I shall look anxiously for the next mail. The papers came all right, and for them I am infinitely obliged. They remind us that there is such a place as H., and that friends there are remembering us. Your first letter, which you said you sent to Ship Island, I shall probably never see, and aunt Susan speaks of your sending one with my card in it, that I have never received. I suppose I must be satisfied if I get about half that are sent, as that seems to be the case with

most soldiers; but it is rather hard; I only hope mine all get safely home. There have been great changes in our officers lately. The lieut. col., major and several lieutenants have resigned, and their resignations were accepted. Captain Weld has received a nomination from the col. as lieut. colonel; our Orderly, Ward, is adjutant, Lieut. Norton is now captain, and Waterman, 1st lieut. The 2d lieutenancy is vacant and will probably be filled from another company, as the col. talks of consolidating some of the small ones and making only eight companies in the regiment.

Sunday, Feb. 1st. I went into town to-day for the first time since New Year's day and was surprised at the change. Many of the inhabitants have returned, and the streets are quite gay, compared to their appearance when we first arrived. The stores, many of them, were open. We can buy anything almost, from a spool of thread to a dictionary. The price of things is perfectly astonishing. Quinine, so necessary in this land of chills and fever is worth seventeen dollars an ounce, outside the lines—more than gold. So you see that there are some things more precious than specie, and speaking of specie, it is more plenty here, I imagine, than at the North. Some of these old planters come into town, buy their flour and salt and pay for them in silver half dollars. Change is often given by the shopkeepers in silver and once in a while, in gold. The suttlers get it all and send it home on speculation; so it does us poor coves, no good.

* * * * * *

February 16th, 1863.

Dear Mother:

A mail came last night, bringing me a letter from you, post marked, Jan. 26th, the long looked for Ship Island letter, telling all about Christmas and affairs at home, I was delighted to get it, but at the same time it made me rather homesick, as I imagined you all in the little rooms, and wished I could have been there for that day. I do not repent my enlistment at all and would not go home now if I could get my discharge, but that does not prevent my thinking of you often, and with great desire to see you.

Yesterday, I think, was one of the most disagreeable days I ever saw. The wind blew keen and cold from the north and the sky was covered with grey clouds. Here in this climate, such a day is felt more keenly than at the north, where you have more uniform weather. Now, to-day, the sky is clear and the sun is warm and pleasant as in June; in fact it is a glorious day; a day to drive away the blues from the bluest hypocondriac. The birds are hopping about and singing, and the soldiers are all out of doors thawing out from yesterday's freeze. Such days it is fun to be a soldier. I lie here in the sun, my pencil in hand, enjoying life a great deal better than many well housed people that I know. After all there is a freedom from responsibility about a soldier's life that makes it one of the most contented lives in the world. Every one knows just what he has to do, and how to do it. When it is done he has little else to think of; none of the cares and anxieties of life to trouble him and somebody to take care of him, besides.

I was interrupted here by a drill call and have been unable to resume until now, (evening.) I am acting as orderly, all the other sergeants being on the sick list except myself and one other who has charge of the rations. I have been promoted to be second sergeant. Sergeant Goodwin is orderly. It may cause some ill feeling, but it was none of my doings. I do not feel that I ought to decline any advancement, as I started below my level, and am only working up to it. So let things work. I have a bet that I'll come home with shoulder straps and I fancy I shall win it. To-morrow I go on guard for the first time since leaving Hartford. I have resigned my position as right general guide. Another mail came this afternoon, which makes two in two days; something of a wonder, &c.

February 18th.

You see from the patched up style of this epistle, how busy I am. I have to improve every five minutes, and precious few of them do I get. But to-day I am on guard and have plenty of spare time, so that I think I can finish without interruption. Each mail brings a greater or a smaller number of illustrated newspapers which are generally circulated, and some of the pictures are remarkably correct, especially those in Frank Leslie's. He has a very good representation of our landing here. There was another in Harper evidently made out of the whole cloth and having no resemblance to the truth. I think that Frank Leslie really has an artist with the expedition, and will probably give true pictures of events which

transpire here. To-day is pay-day with the 13th Conn., and it is amusing to see the soldiers in possession of their money. They are as pleased as children with a picture book. The sutlers are crowded and oranges, gingerbread and cider are rapidly disappearing. In a day or two it will be our turn, and then I expect to see still greater rejoicing, as it will be the first time with us. When I get my pay I think I shall go in town and have one Christian-like meal at a table with a knife and fork, as they say there are restaurants open where you can get such things. I shall go and see any way. You ask me various questions in regard to the contrabands, some of which it would be hard to answer, but I will tell you what *I* think of them as near as I can. In the first place, I never saw so many before in my life—real, genuine, black, field negroes. The streets, houses, camps, levees, every place swarms with them. They come in in crowds every day, and are taken in charge by the authorities, and are set at work. At first they work well, under the novelty of their new position; but after a while their true character appears. They become careless and lazy, caring more for their bacon and dances and sleep, than for labor or any attempt at self-improvement. Then the old influence of fear has to be brought to bear upon them and rough language, and threats are more potent than reason or persuasion. But this is not "work for wages," as the only pay they get is their food and lodging. The only paid labor is done by the women in the shape of washing, and I am sorry to say I know of several instances where clothes sent

to the wash were never returned. As soldiers they do very well, as they manage their arms well and are obedient; but I imagine that even in this walk of life their obedience is due to fear and habit, rather than to any prompt sense of duty or self-respect, &c.

* * * * * * *

You ask me if I feel like re-enlisting when I get back. I really can not tell anything about it. We have not I suppose, seen the worst phase of soldiering, namely, the fighting part. After a few battles I may have enough of it, although at present I am inclined to see the war out; yet I must confess that I have not quite as much faith in the ultimate success as I did have; every thing seems slow and undetermined, no activity, no life. But I don't know probably as much as those in command and they are doing what seems best to them. Well, I should think I had written enough for one letter, although as you say, I could write and write and never stop. But I must close sometime as my odds and ends of paper have been used up; I think I will not commence another sheet. I am in excellent health, have grown so stout that I can not button my vest.

With much love to you and all,

Your Son,

D.

Baton Rouge,
Tuesday, Feb. 17th, 1863.

Dear Sister:

Your note with the package came all right and reached me a few days ago, and I suppose it is need-

less to tell you that I enjoyed them hugely. Sardines are always acceptable, and tobacco is now one of the greatest comforts I have. I fill my pipe and lie down on my back and think of home and picture all dear faces in the smoke—and then too, on a cold night on picket duty away in the lonely woods without any fire, a pipe is a great companion. But I suppose you will turn up your precious little nose at the idea, and so I will say no more about it.

I shall put you to shame when I come home, when you see how well I can wash and cook and sew. We are obliged to wash all our under clothing once a week and I have attained such a proficiency that I shall compete with the professional washerwoman soon—and as to sewing why, I sewed a new chevron on one of my sleeves the other day a great deal better than the old ones were. But I give up one thing to its proper owners and that is darning stockings. I darned mine yesterday and before I got through I "darned" them "out loud" and they were the "darnedest" looking stockings you ever *did* see, when I finished them.

February 20th.

Your letter mailed Feb. 3d, and two of Mother's mailed Jan. 25th and 28th, came this morning with one from Mr. Ashe, all which I was delighted to receive. I fear some mails have been lost as I can not account for some letters which I know have been sent. However, I suppose I ought to be contented to hear from you at all away down here in this barbarous country. Tell Maggie that I often have "chills," es-

pecially at sight of nervous young ladies. I have had four "attacks" of spiders, seven of "caterpillars," and fifteen of "mice;" and besides I have contracted a new disease peculiar to the country, called the "lizards." There are lots of them here. Little green and brown and spotted fellows. They look like small alligators; I have a little mottled fellow that sleeps in my vest pocket every night and eats out of my plate; I am going to bring him home when I come, for I have grown so fond of him that I can not bear the idea of separation!

* * * * * *

You say that Annie did not send her love to me, nor anything; now I shall immediately proceed to heap coals of fire on her head by sending her my very best regards. Be sure to give them to her. They cost a good deal down here.

In great haste, but with much love, to all,

Your brother,

D. P. Dewey.

After acknowledging the receipt of a package from his mother, and saying to her, "I almost cried when I opened it and saw how well you were caring for me, away off here," he begs to hear "anything" from his college companions, he writes under date of Feb. 23d, at Camp Grover, Baton Rouge, to his mother, to whom his thoughts and affections so constantly turn.

"It is a long time since I have written, but I have been so busy that I have hardly had time to take my meals, and you know I must be very much occupied when I don't do that. Sergeant Goodwin, our orderly, has been unwell for sometime and his duties fell upon me as second sergeant. That was enough for one man, but in addition Lieutenant Waterman, the only commissioned officer in the company, was taken sick two days ago, since which time I have had command of the company. You should see with what dignity and style I conduct myself. I have all the drilling to do at dress-parade. I don the orderly's sash and sword and with brightly polished boots and spotless white gloves I march Company A, the best company in the regiment, out into lines, issue orders, present arms with my sword and conduct myself generally with all the dignity of a pair of shoulder straps. However, it gives me so much to do that I have little time to write, and little inclination when I have time. I should not be writing to-day but that we have a holiday given us to celebrate Washington's birthday, which occurred yesterday, (Sunday,) when we had an assemblage at head-quarters, and where we had a sort of rostrum made of drums, draped in the flag, and stacks of arms on each side, with the colors of the different regiments placed upon them. The services consisted of singing, prayers, an address from Chaplain Oviatt of our regiment, and music by the Thirteenth Connecticut band. Altogether it was a very interesting service. To-day, all drill and other duties

are suspended and games of ball, quoits and other amusements are occupying the men. In other brigades I understand that celebrations are going on in a more extensive style, but I could not leave to attend them. Hang the having so much responsibility! It keeps me tied up like a slave. In old times when "I did not want to," I "wouldn't," but now I have to do it whether I will or no. Well, I suppose I shall enjoy personal liberty all the more in consequence, that is, when I get it. You must expect to see excessive laziness for a little while after I come home. How jolly it will be to go into a house with carpets and chairs and pictures and a piano and to sit down at a table in a chair, a real chair, with a table-cloth and plates and knives and forks and glass and all the accoutrements of civilization. Why, I shall be so awkward that I shall be hardly able to satisfy my hunger. I shall expect the whole family to fall into line and march into the kitchen, when the cook will give them their rations, and each one will sit down "tailor fashion," on the floor, with his plate before him and in such wise eat his dinner, and when it is over each one must take his own dishes, wash them and put them away in their proper place. And at night I shall want to spread my blanket on the floor, wrap my overcoat about me and compose myself to sleep, expecting to be roused at midnight by the "long roll," or in the morning by the "reveille." I shall pay no attention to the bell at all, but shall have to hire a drummer to beat his tocsin in the hall. I wish I could drop in upon you tonight, unexpectedly. What a time there would be!

just imagine it. However, it will not do for me to dwell too much on such topics, for it is in every way desirable that I should keep up my spirits; so good bye. I must be ready for dress parade.

February 25th.

DEAR MOTHER:

Another mail yesterday, bringing one or two papers; one illustrated from Fannie, for which I thank her very much. I am sure more letters are written and sent than I receive. Great care should be taken that the address be written distinctly, especially the 25th, as we receive many letters directed to the 23d, because of the similarity of the figures and no doubt some of ours go to them. A mail is almost the only excitement we have just now; everything jogs along as quietly as at college. The other day a rebel boat came down from Port Hudson, bringing prisoners for exchange, which amused us for a little while. The secesh ladies turned out in force to cheer their brave defenders as they went steaming up stream again. Some of them said they would go and kiss them, ragged and dirty as they were, if they only could. Poor dears, how much they must want to kiss somebody! I have not seen one yet that was worth looking at, much less kissing. Last night the pickets had a brush with the enemy's cavalry, which came riding down upon them. Only about twenty shots were fired, but no harm done that I know of. The companies turned out at the shots, but the "long roll" did not beat and there was no general alarm. In a few minutes all was quiet again. Except these little affairs nothing

happens. Lieutenant Waterman is better, also Sergeant Goodwin; so my duties are lighter. I have been excused from drill this afternoon which gives me a little leisure. My health continues good, surprisingly so; however my time may come, but I trust to Providence to bring me safely back. Almost everybody feels the change of climate more or less, but the only really dangerous sickness is typhoid fever, which is not as yet very prevalent. The autumn is the most unhealthy season, but before that we shall be home. So I hope if I don't get shot in battle I shall see Hartford again in good condition.

All the boys* are well and send their love every time, but I never think to put them in. So you can imagine them there. Rice is in the hospital as assistant steward, Taylor is adjutant's clerk. Hugg has got to be corporal, with good prospects. Cook, and Forbes, and Woodbridge and the rest are natural as life, excepting whiskers, which have reached an unnatural growth. My hair is wild and long, I don't know whether you would know me or not. But enough for the present. With much love to you all,

Your loving Son,

D. P. Dewey.

Camp Grover, Baton Rouge,
March 3d, '63.

Dear Mother:

I have been disappointed in not receiving a letter from you by to-day's mail, although I did get a couple

* The squad of which he was the corporal.

of papers, Vanity Fair and another, which mysteriously disappeared before I had opened it, and of which I have been unable to find a single trace. I laid it down and as I was very busy did not look for it for some time and when I did it was gone. I am sorry, as they are all precious, but perhaps it will turn up somewhere to-morrow. I did receive a letter to-day, which proved to be a miserable "sell."* I enclose it, and please keep it as a curiosity. Idon't know who sent it, but I think I can guess pretty near and if my suspicion is right wont I be even with them some time!

Perhaps you wonder why I am writing with ink, contrary to my usual custom, but the fact is I've risen above pencils. I'm sitting at a table with all writing conveniences, before me and a fire at my back. I don't live where I used to, I've moved, I've changed my boarding place, I live with Lieut. Waterman, and as I look over my shoulders I can see a pair of Second Lieutenant's straps on them; in short, I have been promoted again, have received a commission, and the next time you write you may change Sergeant to Lieutenant, &c.

Please send me by Adams' Express a copy of "Casey's Infantry Tactics," a work of three volumes, and a package of paper and envelopes. I think I shall get it, as the Express Company have an office here, and our brigade will probably not move in the coming advance, but will remain to hold the place, so we shall stay here some time.

Several days ago your letter came, also one enclos-

* A valentine.

ing Tom's. How much he improves in composition. I was surprised to see what a difference there was between his last letter and his first. I have heard from Ashe also; the first letter from college. I am glad to hear that Henry is improving in health. But I am anxious on your account; almost every letter indicates in some way that you are not in good health, at least not in good spirits. I am afraid that you are worried and anxious about something. I hope it is not about me; if it is Mother, set your heart at rest, for I am doing as well every way as I could wish. With the exception of the unavoidable effect of a new climate, my health is as good if not better than it ever was before, and as for position, it is constantly improving. So, except the separation from home, I do not see how my situation could be improved.

If you move by July 1st, I expect you will be nearly settled by the time I come home, which probably will not be before the middle of September. There is so much confusion about the commencement of our time that everything is uncertain. If we were not mustered in till November 11th, our nine months don't end till August 11th, and it will be some time after that before we reach home. So don't be impatient but take everything quietly and trust to Providence to bring them out straight. Daily arrivals of troops and guns are occurring and gradually a large force is being massed here. New gun-boats are constantly arriving and a few days ago a hundred heavy siege guns came up the river. Everything indicates an early movement in some direction. Per-

haps it may be to Mobile, but probably to Port Hudson. Almost all the troops except our brigade have marching orders. Our regiment, it is said, will remain here to garrison the town. I am sorry, for I want to see some of the fighting. The rebels are growing bolder, their cavalry hangs around our picket lines and their gun-boats come down the river occasionally to reconnoitre. Perhaps they will try to drive us out, time will show.

Col. Bissell and boys send regards. My love to all and please tell them to write long letters and often.

With much love, your Son,

D. P. Dewey.

March 14th, 8 miles from Port Hudson.

Dear Mother:

We are on the move for the rebel strong hold, Port Hudson. Our regiment received moving orders last Monday eve., to be ready at a moment's notice. At 4 A. M., Tuesday, we started and marched about five miles to a stream where a bridge had been destroyed by the rebs, which we rebuilt and then waited for the main column. Our company was sent off about a mile across the country, with a detachment of cavalry, to hold the wood lying nearly parallel to Port Hudson road. Here we fared well and had an easy time. Remained here, occasionally hearing and seeing the rebel cavalry, but having no serious contention with them till Friday night, when we were ordered to join the regiment. By this time the troops in the region

were in motion, north; one column on the Port Hudson road, another nearly as large on the Clinton road. When we reached the bridge we found that our own and the first and second brigades had gone and we were ordered to follow as guards to the baggage wagons. We went about three miles in the dark and then camped down in a cornfield. No fires and no tents, and hard tack to eat. We were on the march again at six this morning. It is an oppressive day, many have dropped out; coats and blankets and knapsacks all packed, have been thrown away. I drank muddy water from a ditch by the roadside for the first time. The last five days have been full of adventure and at some fitting time I shall describe them more fully. About noon we halted in another cornfield and have been here ever since and will not start again probably, till some time in the night, perhaps not till morning; but before to-morrow night there will be one of the hardest fought battles of the war at least commenced, if not finished. Once more we can hear the heavy boom of cannon from the direction of the river, where the gun-boats have probably engaged some of the batteries. All the men are resting, but there is a fierce struggle coming and in it it may be my lot to fall. Well, I am ready if it be God's will. I have a great longing to see you all once more, but it can not be; so I must sit here and make pencil and paper speak for me, if indeed this ever reaches you. But if I never come home again you must not grieve for me but rather contemplate the glorious cause in which I fell. I have every trust in a kind Providence and

whatever he orders we must all submit to. However, my chances for life are as good as anybody's, a great many more survive than fall. The other regiments are falling in and I suppose we will in a few minutes. Good bye, with much love to you all.

Your *loving* son,

D. P. Dewey.

March 16th, 1863.

Dear Mother:

I have a chance to send to town just now and I have only time to write you that I am perfectly well, although we have all passed through great hardships lately and are expecting a battle hourly. I have another letter under way, which I will send at the first opportunity. We have been traveling around the country through sun and rain and dust and mud, for the last week. Everything looks well for our cause. We must soon have a fight or a retreat. If I have another chance I will send a letter. With much love to you and all,

Your affectionate son,

D. P. D.

Baton Rouge, March 16th, Wednesday.

Dear Mother:

Since I wrote you last we have seen busy and hard times. A week ago to-day we struck tents and the next morning at 4 o'clock we started with ten days' rations, and blankets and overcoats, our regiment hav-

ing been ordered five miles up the river to rebuild a bridge destroyed by the rebels; this we successfully accomplished and the regiment lay there till Tuesday last, being detached to guard another road. This paper is from the blank book of a rebel schoolmistress, which was confiscated, together with other articles, among them some valuable maps. After leaving here we marched about two miles and bivouaced for the night in an open field, and the next day we marched about five or six miles further and again camped in the open fields. This march was very severe, the sun being hot and the road dry. We halted about noon and skirmishers, both cavalry and infantry, were thrown forward, it being supposed that rebel fortifications were before us. But nothing very serious was discovered. One of Gen. Banks' aids, Col. Clark, was shot in the ankle and his horse killed and in falling he broke the leg of his rider. The rebel scouts and our own exchanged shots, but nothing like an engagement took place. Here we remained in suspense all night. About sundown heavy firing was heard in the distance in the direction of the river, from which we were four or five miles distant. This continued all night, and about midnight we could see a bright light gradually floating down stream, which we took for a fire-raft sent down by the enemy against our fleet. About 5 A. M. it blew up with a terrible explosion, which shook the ground like an earthquake, and then all was quiet. Late in the day it was said that part of our fleet had succeeded in running the rebel batteries, but that one of them, the Mississippi,

had been fired by a red hot shot from the rebs and had been abandoned and afterwards blown up. This was only rumor and we don't know whether it is true or not. Will you send me papers containing the account, as it is the only way we have of learning about these things, for our leaders let us know as little as possible. We waited the next day till noon in anxious expectation of an order to move forward, but it did not come and shortly after our troops began to move back towards Baton Rouge and soon the whole column was falling back. Everybody was disappointed. We had expected to see the downfall of the rebel stronghold, which had been the subject of our thoughts ever since we came here, and there were many sour looks and words of dissatisfaction. It had a bad effect on the men and looked marvelously like a retreat. But it seems it was all right; it was only a movement to cover others. Our marches before this had been pretty hard, but they were perfect sport compared with this. The march and the night following, (last night,) I confess I have not the power to describe. Soon after we started it commenced to rain and soon poured torrents, accompanied by heavy thunder and vivid lightning. The road, before hard and smooth, became ankle deep with mud and water, overcoats and blankets became wet and heavy, knapsacks were soaked through and ammunition ruined, and guns and cartridge boxes thrown away, and hundreds of men fell out by the way, unable to bear it. From our company, however, no one straggled, nor do I know of a single gun being thrown away in the regi-

ment. I am well satisfied with the 25th, especially with Company A. So we marched till nearly dark, when we halted and filed into another muddy lot and stacked arms for the night, and a dismal prospect it was. No place to sleep and mud and water to stand in, the rain continuing to pour down in sheets. Around this field there was a fence six feet high. In ten minutes there was not a sign of a fence. Soon we had a huge fire blazing, which was some comfort to us. Around this we stood and sat and waited for morning. Some too tired to set up lay down in the mud, or on rails, or whatever they could find. As for myself I sat down on a rail and with my head on my knees would sleep till chilled through and then go to the fire and get warm. Thus sitting and standing in the deep mud and soaked to the skin, we spent the night. Our quarter-master* rode into town and back, sixteen miles, to get us coffee and sugar, which helped us somewhat. About ten it stopped raining except in little showers, but altogether we had a most dismal time.

This morning we are gradually drying out and recovering our spirits. The sun has come out and everything is prosperous. We shall probably march soon, but whether back into town or somewhere else no one knows.

Tuesday, March 17th.

Again we have moved. About 3 P. M. yesterday we packed up and leaving our mud-hole by as hot a march as ever I wish to see, reached our present position which is a short distance west of our old one,

and the change is marvellous. A more beautiful spot I have seldom seen. Our whole regiment and the second are encamped in a large and comparatively dry field on the river bank; water and wood are plenty. The air is dry and warm and the view up and down the river is magnificent. We have plenty of fresh meat, and provisions have come out from town. All the men are in capital spirits, everything looks well. Such is a soldier's life. One day in the greatest misery and the next in the tallest kind of clover. One day nearly starved and the next living like princes. We should not enjoy the smooth of this life if it was not for an occasional rough place. I shall endeavor to send this to Baton Rouge to-day. I received your last with papers. I have just a chance to send my letter. Good bye. All's well.

Yours, with love,

D. P. D.

Baton Rouge, March 24th.

Dear Mother:

Well, here we are back again on our old company ground, with no fighting done yet. Monday afternoon orders came to the division to fall back and they did, and here we are. They say that great ends have been accomplished by our late movement, (reconnoisance, they call it,) and it may be so, but I think it is bad policy to say the least, to disappoint men so, and I don't believe Gen. Banks will ever have an army so ready and so willing to fight again; nevertheless, if our force was not large enough to take Port Hudson,

it was undoubtedly better to fall back than to attempt the matter and to lose after all. But we are soldiers; we only receive orders and obey them unquestioningly. I am willing to trust our general still and believe that all will come right in the end.

Now about the march back on the said Monday morning. When we were encamped by the river and before I knew anything about moving, I obtained leave to go into town, some seven miles. So after much trouble I procured a "skittish" little pony and proceeded to exhibit my equestrian ability to the admiring multitudes, succeeding so admirably that I only got thrown once. But my pluck was good and I made good time into town. Having transacted my business I started again for camp, but no sooner had I left the city than I was surprised to see all the road full of troops and baggage wagons, all on the march for town. This was the first intimation I had of the movement. As I saw no signs of Grover's Division, (the fourth,) I kept on, but went no farther than the bridge, the one previously built by our regiment, for which by the way we received the greatest commendation from General Banks. This was about five miles from town and here I learned that our division was coming, so I waited for them. I wish you could have stood by my side on the little hill where I was and seen the troops go by, you would have some idea of an army on the march. I will describe it as well as I can.

First came a detachment of cavalry, clanking and clattering along; a cavalry man in his full equipment makes

as much noise as a small truck wagon. Then Gen. Grover's Staff and red flag with a 4 upon it, the number of his division. After him another body of cavalry. Then the artillery of the 13th regiment. As they reached the top of the hill on the hither side of the bridge the bugle sounded "halt." Now the first ammunition wagon starts slowly down the hill, gradually growing faster and faster till it thunders over the bridge and up the hill on the other side, horses on the dead run. Next comes the first gun, then the next ammunition wagon and next gun, and so on till all the six guns of the battery have passed. They are followed by the brigadier and his staff, with a white and blue flag and the number of his brigade upon it. Then comes the infantry plodding and toiling along, caps thrown back to catch every breath of wind on their brows; some have taken off their shoes and are going with bare feet, some have rolled up their pants—anything to be cool. Occasionally one tired out by the pull up the hill drops out, and seating himself by the roadside, looks sorrowfully at his companions heedlessly tramping by him. Along with these, contrabands and servants of all kinds, this officer's baggage or that man's knapsack, altogether it has rather a disorderly appearance, and so three or four regiments pass along and are followed by the second brigade in the same order, cavalry, artillery, infantry, and lastly the third brigade comes up and I join the company again, having willingly given up my steed to his owner. But before leaving the march you must fill up the picture by imagining a long line of white

canvass covered baggage wagons with noisy and profane drivers in front of the division, and another line of ambulances in the rear to pick up all the stragglers. And so this snake-like procession moves slowly along, and the rattling of wagons, the curses of drivers, the clatter of cavalry, and the thunder of artillery, the issuing of orders and the shouts, songs and laughter of the men, make up rather a stirring scene. This may give you some idea of it, but it must be seen to be appreciated. My first inquiry on reaching the 25th was about my baggage which was left at camp. It had been packed and placed upon a steamboat to go to Baton Rouge by water, so I supposed it must be safe, but alas! I have seen nothing of it and I don't believe I shall. I have lost overcoat, rubber blanket, stockings, dishes, everything I took with me on the march except my sword, which has since made its appearance, for which I am very thankful as it was only borrowed. I am troubled exceedingly to know where to get one as I have tried everywhere in vain.

March 27th.

To-day we start for the south part of the state to assist General Weitzel. We are all packing up and have orders to start immediately.

* * * * * *

I have my own packing to attend to, so I must be brief. My love to all, and be assured of my continued affection.

Your loving son,

D. P. Dewey.

DONALDSONVILLE, March 30th, 1863.

DEAR MOTHER:

We have changed our position to this place, fifty miles below Baton Rouge, on the west side of the river. We shall probably leave for the interior to-night or to-morrow morning. Our next stopping place will probably be Thebodeaux on the Atchafalaya, a river; wherever it is I will write you when we reach there. Letters and papers directed as before to Donaldsonville, which is one of the chief towns in Louisiana, but it is a mean looking place at the best. The houses are all small and poor, the stores mere huckster's stalls. The inhabitants are mostly French, the slaves fewer than I have seen in any place I have seen yet; in fact, the sooner we are out of it the better I shall like it. The place is fortified by a small earthwork called Fort Butler. There was a battle here last year as perhaps you may remember. There is one redeeming point about it and that is it has some pretty girls within its borders. I saw a young lady yesterday, for the first time since I left the North, who really excited my admiration.

It is rather cool to-day for this climate; a "Norther" is sweeping over the country, and the clouds look as if the next march would be in the wet. I hope not, although I've no objections to cooler weather. The boat leaves in a few minutes, so I have only time for this hasty letter. I will do better next time. Love to all.

Your loving son,

D. P. DEWEY.

Bayou Boeuf., La., April 3d.

Dear Mother:

At length we have brought up for a short time away here in the central part of the state, after a march of three days and a night in the cars. I am surprised at the country we are in; I had looked upon it in imagination as almost a wilderness, but instead it is the garden of Louisiana. The best and the largest plantations, both cotton and sugar, are here. The country is cut up by innumerable bayous and lakes, which are many of them navigable to the largest vessels. The vegetation is the most luxuriant I ever saw. The woods are dense and filled with all manner of trees and shrubs, creepers and climbers. The swamps are the most impassable looking arrangements imaginable. No wonder runaway slaves take to them, the most expert hunter could hardly find them. The water is still and black with stumps and logs decaying in it. In summer weather some of these logs prove to be alligators. The trees are tall and dark and covered with pendant moss, giving them a most ghost-like appearance. In clumps below are all manner of rank, large, broad-leaved, brilliant flowered plants. The greatest stillness and darkness hang over everything. The best word to describe it is "pokerish." However, like all other things, it must be seen to be appreciated, and perhaps some day you may take a fancy to travel this way and then you can judge for yourself. We have done some grand marching. We were three days on the road. On the first we started from Don-

aldsonville, our direction being westward up the Bayou Lafouiche. The day was fortunately cool, but the men I think suffered more this day than all the rest. Our marching was rapid, and the road a hard baked clay with no spring in it, which used up our feet woefully, and great was the rejoicing when we halted and went into camp, about half-past one. Then followed the scene which always follows the halting of an army. The ranks are broken and the arms are stacked, when numerous gallant defenders of their country's rights strike a double quick for the nearest fence and soon are seen returning with what used to be a fence but is now transformed into wonderfully good fire-wood or elastic couches for the aforesaid gallant defenders. At the same time numerous squeals in the adjacent field announce the demise of sundry innocent porkers, or a shot or two tell of fresh beef for the morrow. Contrabands may be seen coming in with a chicken in one hand and corn bread or some other edible in the other. On the night in question, a flock of sheep came trotting innocently into camp with wonder depicted on their countenances, which expression soon changed to terror as they scattered in all directions, pursued by sticks and stones and bayonets and shouting heroes. In less than five minutes there was not a single sheep alive. Company A secured two and mutton was our breakfast next morning. Soon fires are blazing in all directions, black camp kettles are hung and coffee made. Some of the men go for water, others build their shelters for the night, while slowly limping along the stragglers come in and sink down wearily into their places. Guards are soon mounted and order

reigns again. This night I was officer of the guard, tired and weary as I was, and to add to my afflictions an ugly mule hit me a kick in the hip as I was passing him. I dare say I thought something wicked though I did not say it. Our camp was at a small village, the only name for which that I could discover was "Church." A church being such a rare institution in this heathen land as to serve for a landmark. We started next morning about half-past seven and marched about the same distance as before, passing through the village of Napoleonville and camping about a mile east of another town called Labordierville, near which our forces had a brush last year with the enemy. Several balls and shells were found on the ground. I was obliged to ride the last two miles on account of my hip which was rather lame. The next day we were on the march at sunrise, our brigade having the advance, and expecting to go to Thebodauxville and there camp; but we reached the place, the most enterprising place I have seen, marched through it and about five miles beyond, and I assure you these were five long miles. We had made up our minds that we were to stop at Thebodeaux, and our courage flagged when we went beyond, especially as we made a long stretch of five miles at a swinging old pace. The 13th Connecticut has a tremendous reputation for marching, but I think their stragglers rather exceeded ours in number on that tramp. We halted about half a mile beyond the railroad station and prepared for the night, but we were not allowed to escape so easily. Soon orders came to be ready to move again and at nightfall we had trudged back to

the cars, loaded all our baggage, and then piled in ourselves, some inside and some on the top, I occupying an outside seat to my intense disgust, as the cinders flew enough to blind me. At nine the train, the longest and heaviest I ever saw, started, and at 11 P. M. reached this place where we unloaded ourselves and made our camp after a march of fifteen miles and a ride of twenty-five. So here we are now under the command of Gen. Weitzel, who left this place just before we arrived. The 12th Conn. is in his division, and one company (A) of it was captured on board the steamer Diana in a skirmish at Pattersonville, a short distance from here on the Bayou. They were all paroled and I have found an acquaintance amongst them, Charles Sherman, formerly of the Courant office. The rest of the 12th has gone with Gen. Weitzel to Brashear city, about seven miles west of here, where we may probably go next. We shall probably be in this country sometime, and I do not know that I object to it. A railroad runs direct to Algiers, opposite New Orleans, so that mail and express connection is good. The country is rich and so far as I can learn, healthful; what do we want more? The 25th is all right; they have not had the terrible sickness that you have heard of. Company A. is all right. We may have a scrimmage as Weitzel is one of the fighting sort. Please remember me to all my friends, and when you write direct as before. With much love to you and all,

Your affectionate son,

D. P. Dewey.

The following letter of Perkins, written only ten days before his death, to a favorite little cousin, breathes so much of the tenderness of an elder brother, while at the same time we are reminded of the sportiveness of boyhood, that it must interest the reader.

BAYOU BOEUF., LA., April 4th, '63.

MY DEAR LITTLE COUSIN:

I have heard from you frequently but have not been able to return the favor until now. We have lately been marching and moving all around the country and sleeping on the ground without tents at night, some of them pretty cold nights, although the days are hot as 'lection. But now we have our tents all pitched again and it looks as if we should be here for some time; I hope so, for we all need rest. Marching through the hot sun, over dusty roads, with salt pork and "hard tack" to eat and muddy water to drink, is very good for a little while, but it soon "plays out."

This is a beautiful country where we are now. The woods are full of wild roses and all kinds of beautiful flowers. Pretty little lizards of all colors play around the stumps and logs. Sweet little snakes and big ones too, come out to sun themselves or amuse themselves by running races over your neck in the night. Cunning little alligators live in all the swamps and listen to the music of the fine-voiced musquitoes. I caught

three crabs the other day by holding my foot in the water till they bit, when I threw them upon shore! You may believe this if you want to, but I should not if I were you.

If I was in Hartford I would come down to New Haven to-morrow and see you and bring you a lot of nice things. We'd go and see Mrs. ——, and walk home through Chapel street, or else as it's Sunday, Easter Sunday, too, we would go to church and not sit with the girls. But it's no use to talk so. Here I am away down in the Louisiana lowlands, hundreds of miles from my little Cousin Julia whom I shall not see for a long time. You must send me one of your photographs sure, so that I can see how you look. I suppose you must have grown a great deal since I left home. It seems a long while to me.

Now for a little serious talk with you. You must be a good girl and learn all you can. By-and-by when you get older, you will be glad if you do and sorry if you don't. You must love your mother and my mother and Fannie. I think a great deal more about them now that I am separated from them and perhaps I shall never see them again at all. You will soon be old enough to be of use to them and you must learn all you can and be as useful as you can.

You ask me if I have any higher office. Well, yes, I have gone a little higher, I'm Second Lieutenant of Company A; so when you write you must direct to Lieut. Dewey and not to Sergeant Dewey. There isn't any such man now, he is "played out." I expect to be brigadier-general, or some such thing before I

come home; so you must get all fixed to give me a grand reception.

Well, I have come to the end of my paper and ideas, and there is nothing left but to send my love to all the girls and a large share to yourself.

Good bye,

Your loving cousin,

D. P. Dewey.

Transport St. Mary, April 11th.

10 P. M. Dear Mother:

Again we are crowded, jammed, jostled and suffocated on one of Uncle Sam's transports. For the last three hours I have tossed and turned and suffered and thought wicked, if I did not say it. In the top berth in a close state room, breathing air second hand from the lungs of a crowded cabin. I have given it up and am beaten, and can not sleep, so I have retired to the depths of a lower cabin and on the dining table by the light of an oil lamp I am writing to you. I am wet to the skin with perspiration. Fine condition I shall be in for the fight we are going to have to-morrow. It is abominable the way they cram these transports. The St. Mary is a fine large steamship, but just imagine it; there are four regiments squeezed into her besides a battery of artillery and from fifty to a hundred horses. We are lying off Brashear City at the head of Berwick Bay, expecting soon to start for up river somewhere to cut the retreat of the rebels. A strong force will attack them in front. They, the rebels, are at Pattersonville, where the

Diana was captured by them and strongly entrenched. Heavy firing has been heard in that direction all day, either the beginning of the fight or artillery practice. I say this is the plan, which means that we all think so, but I have been deceived so often in expectation that in the future I will be certain of nothing till it is over. We may accomplish no more on this trip than we did at Port Hudson. Our movements are lamentably slow and the rebs find out everything before we accomplish anything. However, Banks is in command and it won't do for him to remain inactive much longer. So I think there is work for us somewhere. Just as we were leaving camp to-day to embark, a train came in from New Orleans, which brought us a mail containing a letter from you and one from Fannie. I wrote you last from Bayou Boeuf, which place we left about ten on Wednesday the ninth, and a scorching day it was. We marched in the middle of the day some ten miles to Brashear City—a place by the way not half as large as West Hartford; and to the credit of the 25th be it said, it had fewer men fall out than any other regiment in the division. When I look at this I am half a mind to tear it up, but you will allow for circumstances. I am going to try to get a nap on a neighboring lounge, so good night.

That "Good night" was for the last time; and if it is saddening to reflect upon the circumstances under which it was written, circumstances which *we think* ought to have been seen and avoided, there is a consolation in

knowing, in the instance of this young patriot and Christian, that it was almost the last night of "weariness and painfulness" that ever he would be called to endure. The sands of his glass were rapidly running out; the hour was coming to him on swift wings,

> "When in the mansions of the blest
> Death leaves to its eternal rest,
> The weary soul."

The battle to which he was looking forward "in the morning," at the time of his writing to his mother on the 11th of April, did not take place till the morning of the 14th. It was some days after the event that tidings came of a battle and a victory at Irish Bend, and while the hearts of a multitude amongst us were wavering most painfully between hope and fear, for the dear friends whom they knew must have been in the fatal strife, came the sad "List of casualties," and amongst the first names of the fallen stood the name of "Lieutenant D. P. Dewey!" The particulars of his heroic death soon followed, and they might well constitute a page in that history which hereafter shall be written,—a page in which the young soldier who went forth with the single thought of "DUTY" as his watchword, until he stood face to face with death in deadly conflict, unflinching,

firm, serene—might be placed side by side with that which tells the story of the dying martyr, who bowed before the stern king of terrors in holy calmness and humility, rather than desert the standard of his Christian faith!

The first letter which brought the fatal news that this brave young soldier had fallen, was written to his parents by Lieut. Leander Waterman, of his company.

It becomes my painful duty to communicate to you the intelligence of your son's death. We embarked on transports Saturday evening. Sunday we started up Grand Lake, Monday landed, went two or three miles and lay on our arms on the ground that night. Tuesday morning we fell in, just before daybreak, went about a mile, when the five companies on the right wing of the regiment were ordered to deploy. Company A had the right as usual; in this way we advanced quite a distance. When near the woods we were fired upon; we lay down, firing at the places where we saw the smoke of the enemy. The right (five companies) was a short distance behind. The battery of the enemy opened upon the five companies of the regiment in reserve. In about half an hour the regiment was ordered to advance. They passed the line of skirmishers, and then Company A formed on the right of the regiment. Before, while deployed, we had the right of the skirmishers. We were the most exposed of all. We had formed the right about

five minutes when I was struck in the left arm near the shoulder, the ball passing through the arm and lodging in the side. I stayed until I was so faint I could not support myself, and was then helped from the field. In less than five minutes we were outflanked on the right and had to fall back. Lieutenant Dewey was shot in the head, the ball striking the left side just above the ear, and passing out at the forehead. He was left for a few moments on the field, but as the enemy were driven back, (less than five minutes,) I sent a stretcher and had him brought in. He was found just as some of the men saw him fall. He had not been molested by the enemy. He was unconscious, moved his head and his hands for a short time, and then died. I was not able to be about, but I left him in the hands of good men. A coffin was made for him, also one for Captain Hayden of Company C, who was shot through the head. They were buried side by side, Wednesday morning, and the place marked. * * * * *

He died a hero, the best could do no more. I trust he now wears an immortal crown, which will never fade.

Our regiment lost from eighty to ninety, killed and wounded.

I am not able to write more now. I am at St. John's hospital, doing well but weak.

Yours, with much sympathy,

LEANDER WATERMAN,

Lieut. Company A, 25th regiment.

The following beautiful tribute to Lieutenant Dewey's character is from the pen of his friend Col. Ward.*

My friend Dewey joined Company A, 25th Regiment Conn. Vols., on the 9th of September, 1862. His general acquirements and reliable character soon marked him for advancement; he was almost immediately made a corporal, and subsequently, by the personal selection of the colonel, right general guide of the regiment with the rank of sergeant.

It was at this time my more intimate acquaintance with him began. Our places in line and column were very near each other; we occupied the same tent and slept side by side. Long before we reached Louisiana I had learned to love him, to honor his singularly truthful nature, and to look with confident certainty to the day when he should earn and receive his commission.

When the regiment landed in the enemy's country he volunteered to go on the first picket duty which offered, and with a squad of picked men under his command, held, through our first night of service, the most advanced position of the whole army.

During our stay at Baton Rouge, his services as regimental guide were of high order, his habits of outdoor exercise, and accuracy of eye, especially qualifying him for the position.

My promotion, in January, 1863, somewhat interrupted the daily intercourse between us; it was how-

* Formerly Adjutant of the 25th Regiment.

ever soon followed by his own lieutenancy, and seven days before the regiment started on its first march upon Port Hudson, I had the gratification of seeing on his shoulders the straps which no one ever wore more worthily.

From the 10th of March we were continuously in the field, and his value as an officer was more and more apparent. With the exception of a short illness he was always on duty, and (as regimental adjutant I have reason to know it) whenever a man of reliability and quick intelligence was needed, his name naturally suggested itself for the employment.

On the 13th of April, 1863, we landed on the west coast of Grand Lake, and, the enemy being driven before us, marched toward Irish Bend. I did not see him during that march or in the night's bivouac; we next met under fire on the 14th.

This is not the place to attempt a description of the battle of that day. Dewey's company was the first engaged, his only superior officer soon wounded, and this second lieutenant of scarcely a month's standing was left in command of the flank company of the whole brigade engaged. How nobly and bravely he met the responsibilities of that hour his glorious death bears witness. Standing unmoved in a rain of bullets, he had a word of encouragement for every man near him, kindly greeting for a friend and even a merry quotation from a favorite song to fling after a shell that went shrieking by. So I last saw him—so I shall always remember him.

Were I asked what traits of Dewey's character

most impressed me, I should reply, his truthfulness and evenness of temper. More quiet and sober in his manner than most men—especially most soldiers of his age, he varied less from day to day than any of us. Easily gay, he was never boisterous; quietly kind he was never demonstrative. His habits of study were an example to many older officers. His professional knowledge great and rapidly growing; few gave greater promise of usefulness, no one is more grieved for by all who knew him.

HENRY C. WARD.

Letter from Adjutant Ward to Mr. and Mrs. Dewey.

BIVOUAC OF THE 28TH REGT. CONN. VOLS.,
NEAR VERMILLIONSVILLE, APRIL 16, '63.

On the day the regiment left Hartford, you probably remember you spoke to me regarding the welfare of your noble son. That conversation and the warm love I have learned to feel for him seem to make it my province to write to you some account of his glorious death, which I take occasion to do to-day; the first halt we have made in pursuit of the flying enemy whom he gave his life to conquer.

Before receiving this you will probably have heard of our victory and of his fall. The papers will have told you all they could; but an eye witness alone could tell you the particulars of his bravery and daring, which your loss must make doubly important. Early in the fight, Lieutenant Waterman being wounded, your son succeeded to the command of Com-

pany A. The whole regiment line was deployed as skirmishers, when the right flank was suddenly attacked by two full regiments of the enemy, the 15th Louisiana and a Texas regiment. It was at that time that I saw your son, and the sight I never shall forget. Waving his sword above his head, calling to his men, "Remember you are Company A"—his whole bearing so brave and heroic that it seemed almost impossible for any enemy to avoid marking him. He was soon fatally struck and fell headlong amongst the cane rows where he fought. This was about 7.50 on the morning of the 14th. He was, I think, entirely insensible till his death, which was as well as I could judge about one, P. M. I did not see him from the time he was carried off the field till about six in the afternoon, when I was able to leave the regiment, but I gave him in charge to a most estimable man, S. S. Folwell of Company A, and I found that everything kind and considerate had been done by him for my lost friend. His body had been washed and decently prepared for interment. I could scarcely believe he was more than asleep, his face was so calm and beautiful, no rigidity, no contortion, but everything at peace and rest. I kissed his cold lips and never saw him again. We marched again that night, but to-day Folwell has come up and given the particulars of his interment. He was buried on the morning of the 15th, on a little knoll sixty-five paces from and behind an old sugar mill on the battle-field. He is in the same grave with Captain Hayden, the former on the right, your son on the left, as you stand at the

head of the grave. A head-board was placed above them deeply cut. Nothing further could have been done. What few valuables and relics that were about him I have saved and they are in the hands of Lieutenant Waterman in hospital at New Orleans. They are principally his watch, a ring, a college society badge* and some buttons from his vest. I enclose a lock of his hair, which I cut myself from his head. I don't see that I can tell you more. My sorrow to write this must bow before yours, when you receive it, yet I must claim some little share in the loss you have suffered; some little pride that the hero who has gone, while he was your son, he was my friend.

Yours, sincerely,

H. C. WARD, Adjutant.

This last letter, although written before the tribute to Lieutenant Dewey's character, by Colonel Ward, seemed so connected with this which follows, that we place it next in order.

From Mr. Folwell.

MRS. DEWEY, DEAR MADAM:

Concerning the matter of which you spoke, I will endeavor to mention some of the prominent characteristics which drew me towards, and made me feel interested in Lieutenant Dewey. He seemed earnest in his avocation, and determined to excel as a soldier;

* "B. B." Trinity College.

ready to do his duty, however disagreeable it might be; was pleasant and cheerful to all around him, notwithstanding the many annoyances and aggravations which attend a soldier's life. Evidently a deep thinker and great reader, much of his leisure time being spent in reading and meditation. These are some of the qualities for which I admired him, but most because I believed him to be a Christian. Not perfect, of course, for we none of us attain to perfection here, but showing by his life that he was governed by high moral principles,—actuated by a desire to do right, *from a love of right*, rather than merely to please. Never engaging in those vices which pervade the camp, or stooping to that which was low or dishonorable, by which so many degrade themselves, because separated from near friends and home influences. I believe he would indulge in nothing in camp that he would not do among his friends in Hartford. He was fond of singing, and I remember as we were sailing up the lake on board the St. Mary, on the second evening before the battle, a number of us who were in the habit of singing together, collected to have a social sing. Dewey was in his state room, having complained all day of not feeling well, but there were loud calls for him to come and sing; he soon made his appearance, and tried to excuse himself, but after some urging yielded, and sat down among us, on the deck and joined with us, soon becoming very much animated, more than usual, seeming to enjoy it greatly, making some such remark as this: "he believed it

was better for him than medicine." Alas! how little he thought it would be the last time we should ever sing together in this world.

On the morning of the battle, the first I remember distinctly about him was after Lieutenant Waterman received his wound, at which time Dewey was trying to fasten a tourniquet upon the arm. As I came up he left it with me to finish, he taking command of the company. Waterman being disabled, I went with him at his request to the rear. While returning to the front, I met several members of our company, who said, "We are all cut up and Lieutenant Dewey is killed." In a few minutes the firing ceased—then Sergeant Parmelee, Mr. Sage and myself, went in search of him. We had gone perhaps half way to the spot, when we met two men bringing him in on a stretcher; we took it from them and carried it the rest of the way ourselves. I saw that life was not extinct, for he moved his head. As soon as we reached the place where the doctor was, I called him and asked what was to be done. He replied, "It will be useless attempting to do anything." The most we could do was to make his last moments as comfortable as possible. I procured some spirit and water, and with a small sponge moistened his lips, but on my attempting to do it a second time, he turned his head and raised his hand, as though he did not wish it, but would rather be left entirely undisturbed. I spoke to him several times but he showed no signs of recognition and although he rolled his head and opened his eyes occasionally, did not seem conscious of what was

going on around him. One of the ambulance men came to me and said they must have the stretcher on which he was lying; so we raised him carefully on a blanket and laid him on a spot of soft plowed ground. I then got Martin Hills to hold a rubber blanket to shield him from the sun, while I procured some sticks with which I made a more permanent shelter. In this condition he lay about five hours, breathing his last near half past one o'clock, passing away without a groan or struggle. I then had him taken to the sugar-house and laid beside other officers. Sergeant Parmelee then came to me and said it was the Adjutant's wish that I should take charge of the body and see that it was buried as decently as it could be under the circumstances. After I had washed off the face and hair, the adjutant came in and after giving a few directions he stooped down and kissed the marble forehead, the tears coursing down his cheeks, and exclaimed, "Poor Dewey, noble boy!" The next morning Sergeant Callehan and myself procured some boards and made a box in which we put the remains, which, with the assistance of Sergeant Cook, we buried about twelve o'clock. There was no religious service of any kind, but we laid him sadly and silently down to rest till God shall call him. Sergeant Otis marked a large board, cutting the letters deep with a knife, "Lieut. D. P. Dewey, Co. A. 25th Reg't C. V."—which were placed firmly in the ground at the head of the grave. I do not know certainly what his last words were, but I was told the last he was heard to say was, when he found the regiment was to fall back,

"Well, boys, if we have got to fall back don't let us do it in disorder." These are the circumstances connected with his death and burial as far as I can recall them. There may have been incidents that would be interesting to you and other friends, but you know during such a time of excitement many things must transpire which can not afterwards be called to mind. Any further information which I can give I will give willingly. I should have written this before but my time has been so occupied that I could hardly have an evening to call my own.

Truly yours,

SAMUEL P. FOLWELL.

Part of a letter from Sergeant Cooke, a member of young Dewey's squad, to Mrs. Dewey. After giving some particulars concerning the place of his burial, which have already been related, he adds his own affectionate tribute to the purity of the character of his friend.

Concerning his example as a Christian, I can say that I always considered his example good and worthy of imitation. I never knew of his doing anything inconsistent with his profession as a Christian. You may have the consolation of knowing that he never gave occasion for any stories which might pain you. You may well be proud of such a son. With his squad he was a great favorite. They knew him but to love him, and he always seemed to think a great

deal of them. He was kind and always ready to do a favor.

I do not remember who suggested the plan of reading a chapter in the Bible every night. We carried out the custom as long as the squad remained unbroken, which was up to two or three days of the battle on the 14th of April. Then there was left only Woodbridge and myself and our Bibles were left in our knapsacks. You remember we left them at Brashear City to receive them again in three or four days. He bore up under the march to Port Hudson the first time and also from Baton Rouge without a murmur, at least none ever reached my ears.

If anything I have written will be of service to you, I shall be very glad, though I fear it is but little.

Yours, respectfully,

AARON COOKE.

Extract of a letter from Colonel Bissell, of the twenty-fifth regiment, to the father of Lieutenant Dewey.

The death of your son was a very great loss to me, and to the company and regiment. I had noticed him from his very marked promptness and activity in his position in the company, and I was not slow in promoting him as soon as I could; I rejoiced at the opportunity.

One circumstance connected with his part in the battle perhaps will interest you. He used to sing a song commencing,

"There is music in the air
When the infant morn is young."

In the fight, when the enemy first opened with their field-pieces, the shell went over our heads with a shriek and a loud whistle; your son was near me at the time directing his company, and as the shells passed over us, he turned to me in his most cheerful manner, and said he, "Colonel,"

"There is music in the air."

I have now forgotten my reply, but he went on cheering his men. I noticed him several times and he was always at his post, and I was struck by his cheerful and utterly fearless manner. He died as he had lived, cheerful and fearless and good.

I had learned during our short acquaintance to love him, and when the word came to me that Dewey had fallen, I was for the moment unmanned. I write with considerable feeling, for I had formed for him an attachment stronger than usual, and when he fell I felt that I had lost a personal friend, and more than a friend, almost a brother or a son.

I sympathize with you *deeply* in your bereavement and feel that I myself need sympathy. I will add that I saw him just before he was removed for burial. I went alone into the sugar-house where he lay; the rays of the setting sun shone into the window and fell across his face; his countenance was calm as if in sleep, his face beautiful in death. I brushed away the hair from his brow, and closed his eyes and shed

my first tear of that day, over one who so promising had been stricken down.

Till that moment I had not realized the sternness required of one who leads men to danger, but I sat down beside poor Dewey and gave way to tears.

Colonel Bissell says again on writing of this brave young Lieutenant:

He was much beloved as an officer, and as a man, and the entire regiment mourns his loss.

Of the manner in which he sustained himself, writes Lieut. Colonel Weld, in command of the company, I can speak from personal observation. No company was so well held together, none did greater service. Lieutenant Dewey constantly exposed his own person, showing an utter fearlessness in discharge of his duty. He could hardly have justly considered that part of his duty which required him to take all proper means to preserve his own life to his company and country, not to say his friends. He showed himself in all respects to be an excellent officer. * *

My affection for your son was very sincere, and I believe it was reciprocated. Blessed is he, who, loving Jesus better than all on earth, can bow with submission to such a blow. God grant you and all who loved your son, grace to do so.

And again:

My affection for him grew daily. He possessed all the points of a good soldier; was brave, discreet,

reliable, prompt, and as an officer, just and discriminating, showing excellent judgment. In the camp and in the field, as at home, he exhibited all the points of a high-minded, cultivated Christian gentleman. Beloved by all and sincerely mourned, his example is one to be emulated, and his memory will be ever fragrant.

Extract from a letter from Lieutenant Colonel Weld, to the father of Lieutenant Dewey.

Before Port Hudson, June, 1863.

With fresh sadness the thought of your noble son and my sorrow recur to mind. Freed from wars and tumults he is at rest in a soldier's grave, where the silent waters of the little river called the Teche, filled with lillies and water-plants, and overhung with elms and oaks, flow by, and the tall corn and cane-fields wave in the breeze and grow luxuriantly green; where the wounded and dying were brought to the field hospital on that fatal day. That grave is well marked, near a large sugar-house, where none but malicious hands can disturb the precious clay.

You need not the assurance of my deep sympathy nor of the affection with which Perkins was regarded both by his fellow-officers and the soldiers of the 25th, and you may depend that should opportunity occur, any one of us would cheerfully render any aid we could to secure a safe and proper transmit of his remains.

We can not refrain from making an extract from a most delightfully written volume enti-

tled the "Color-Guard," by J. K. Hosmer, where a description of the battle-field, where Lieut. Dewey, with so many other of our brave soldiers fell, is given, so vivid in its painful details that we seem almost to stand with the eye-witness, who says:

"Day broke as we marched out into the road,—a listless, half-exhausted body of men. During the three previous nights we had had but little sleep and but little food since the Saturday before. It was now Tuesday. We were all more or less drenched with the rain, and the blankets and clothing weighed double with the moisture. As the sun came up, however, and the morning damps steamed off, we felt better, and had our senses open a little to the beauty of the road, the sweetness of the blossoms, and the verdure of the slopes.

Presently we hear the sound of firing. "They have found them again," I say to the color-sergeant, and we look off over the woods to where the white cloud of the discharge can be seen rising among the trees. As we sweep along the road towards the firing, the day each minute becomes more and more beautiful. Each minute, too, the roar of the cannon is more frequent and becomes mingled at last with sharp, rattling volleys of small arms. We come at last, into full view of the scene.* We halt in the road, and leaning against a fence, looking southward through the rails, the whole combat is visible to us, who are now within cannon-range. We look down a

* Irish Bend.

gentle slope. To the left we can see a battery posted, which fires very vigorously; then the bodies of infantry in long dark lines, moving upon an open field in front of a wood. In the lines are gaps which may be caused by moving over rough ground, or by the plunge of shot and shell. To the right again we can see bodies of troops and batteries. Hear that long crash of musketry! each individual discharge so blending into the others, that we can only hear one long sound, like the slow fall of some huge tower. It is a rebel volley, terribly effective, as we afterwards hear; and while the wind bears it to us, we are ordered forward, and presently are on the very field.

Ambulance men, with stretchers, are hurrying across the field to a sugar-house in the rear, where a hospital is established. On each stretcher is a wounded man, and the number of these makes it certain that the engagement has reached the sad dignity of a pitched battle. We are passing ammunition wagons now; now a tree, beneath which is a surgeon at work, and close where he stands, on his back, stiff and stark, dead, a tall, broad-chested man, with closed eyes. The column files to the right, out of the road, and we stand in line of battle just in the rear of the action, within rifle range of the woods where the enemy lie concealed, expecting every moment the order to advance. The firing, however, slackens, and presently word comes that the enemy are withdrawing.

Between the color-company and the next company, through the center of our line, runs the cart-track

down into the field, along which is now constantly passing a stream of wounded men, on stretchers, or supported by comrades, and lines of rebel prisoners. I am close by and can hear the talk of a sergeant, bloody, but able to walk, who is glad he has a chance to do some service. *I look, too, upon the ghastly head of a young Lieutenant who is dying upon his stretcher,** and upon many others. Prisoners come in by squads,—sometimes five or six, sometimes twenty or thirty. Once in a while there is an intelligent, good looking face; more often the features are unintelligent,—the brutish face of that deteriorating class, the white trash. Thus we stand close at hand to suffering and death.

The pursuit is being continued down the road. Hours pass, and we still remain in line. We cook, eat, and sleep. I get out my portfolio and write a little. In the course of the day, up into the blue calm sky go mighty columns of smoke, with deep reports,—the explosions of rebel gunboats and transports, overtaken in the Teche by the victorious army, and blown up by the crews as they flee. Within half a dozen rods of our line is a field hospital, where lie, of one New York regiment, the wounded colonel, the dead lieutenant colonel, adjutant, and other officers and men. Of other regiments, too, are many wounded, federal and rebel,—some dying under the surgeon's hands. I go over and see the writhing wounded, and the hospital attendants laying out the dead. An Irish private lies close by the straight young adjutant, whose face is reverently

* This it is supposed, was Lieutenant Dewey.

covered; and not far off is a rebel, covered thick with his own gore. Before death go down all distinctions and animosities. Does it not seem when the experiences are so out of the common course, and so dreadful, as if there ought to be some change in outward circumstances to make them correspond? But no: it was a perfect summer day,—an almost cloudless sky, with a cool, sweet wind coming from the woods where the rebels had been hidden; the woods green and fresh and innocent, as if they were only a haunt for fairies. * * * *

They say we lost in the neighborhood of four hundred. Only one brigade was engaged. It was a bloody strife."

We are reminded of Whittier's beautiful "Battle Autumn of 1862," which for its great beauty we give to the reader in this place, believing that those who have never read it will dwell upon it with delight; while those to whom it is familiar will welcome the sweet religious strain again.

"The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweep
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms;
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
The mirth of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain,
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah, eyes may well be full of tears
And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow,
She waits a rich return.

She sees with clearer eyes than ours
The good of suffering born,—
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,
And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these
The vision of her eyes;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies!

Oh give to us her finer ear!
Above this stormy din,
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
Ring peace and freedom in!

Letter from Bishop Burgess of Maine.

GARDINER, MAINE, May 7th, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. DEWEY:

I have heard of your bereavement; and I can but write, though I well know how little it can avail at this moment. Your dear son was the precious gift of God, who had preserved him so long to be your comfort and reliance. It might have pleased God, in his supreme wisdom, to remove him in his youth through many of the common diseases which are the instruments of his will, and through which so many families are made desolate. You had experience in former years of that kind of sorrow; you know all that trial; and you can now look back upon it, I presume, with submission, peace, and perhaps with a sacred satisfaction. Now, the same Lord has appointed a different instrumentality for his mysterious purpose, and your son has laid down his life for his country and for all of us; with so many others which have been given up in this melancholy but unavoidable struggle. He has died in the way of honorable duty; a sacrifice, the value of which God only knows and can estimate. Hereafter, he will be remembered with honor, and

you and his father and his brothers will ever be grateful for his unstained career and memory. But all this can not heal your wound, and I feel that I express respect and sympathy only, but have no power to strengthen you except by pointing you to the Source of all strength and consolation. He does not willingly afflict; He knows and appoints that time and manner which are best. The hairs of our heads are all numbered, and every drop of blood which has flowed has been shed at a moment which He foresaw and for which He made provision in His wisdom and in His goodness. I trust your dear son feared God, and in anticipation of the dangers of battle, committed himself to His care and mercy, through our Lord Jesus Christ. I did not know that he was there; but my prayers, with those of millions, have been continually offered for such as like him were in mortal peril for our sake. I do not think that any one who falls in such a cause, simply because it is the duty of all citizens to defend their country, and he is willing to meet it that others may be spared, can be a loser through his noble act of love. It is following the example of Him who said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends: ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

I beg to be most kindly remembered to all your family: and to assure them of my tenderest sympathy and sincere prayers.

Believe me, as ever,

Affectionately yours,

GEORGE BURGESS.

Mrs. E. P. Dewey.

Extract of a letter from Rev. Mr. Oviatt, Chaplain of the 25th Regiment.

I saw him often and always loved him for his manliness, and equally for his gentleness and loveliness. I am glad that you are to recover his body, and when you receive it please let me know.

That he is in a better world we can not doubt. The Lord greatly comfort you all!

Yours, with true sympathy,

GEO. A. OVIATT.

When Bishop Burgess left the parish of Christ Church, Hartford, to enter upon his duties as Bishop of Maine, Perkins was but a little child; had the Bishop remained amongst us what a bond of Christian love would have arisen between that most faithful Shepherd and this young member of the flock of Christ! The one walking steadily onward through all the changes of life, in that path that is "Like the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" and the other entering and following on in the same blessed pathway to "Glory, honor and immortality." Bishop B. says, "I trust your dear son feared God, and in the anticipation of the dangers of battle committed himself to His care and mercy, through our Lord Jesus Christ." The assurance that he did "fear God and that he had

consecrated himself as Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end," is the abiding consolation of those that loved him. When he was but eighteen years old he took upon himself the vows that were made for him in his infancy in baptism, and very soon after became a communicant of the Church of Christ. And now while sorrowfully kneeling around the sacred table where he was wont to kneel, there is

> "A group of worshipers in mourning,
> Missing some one at the Sacrament."

Yet they may follow that "one" in faith and trust where now he is,

> "Up above a crown'd and happy spirit,
> Like an infant in the eternal years,
> Made to grow in life and love forever,
> Ordered in his place, amongst his peers."

At the time that young Dewey so successfully accomplished his task in writing and delivering his composition upon Frankincense, the Reverend Dr. W. was present. Turning to Mrs. D., as the young speaker finished his theme, he asked, "Is that your boy Mrs. Dewey?" and then said, "You ought to be proud of him; you ought to educate him for the Church." How differently his course

has been ordered! Yet who can say that the issues of his life may not be equal to all that would have been accomplished, had it been devoted to the ministry? It was the stern voice of conscience which urged him into the army. And how many hundreds,—thousands of our noblest men have gone forth like him, with their lives in their hands and have perished in the same cause—"A noble army of martyrs!" In the native city of our young hero, what honorable names are added to the long array of those that all over our country are treasured amongst her jewels. Young Lieut. Charles T. Weld, the record of whose life is all that is "Lovely and of good report," who was laid to rest amidst the tears of a multitude, while David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, sounded in our ears as if for the first time, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen!" His grave is by the side of his time-honored ancestors, that were gathered to their rest after long years of usefulness and honor. Yet the measure of his duty was full, although his life was of such short duration,

> "And, though the warrior's sun has set,
> Its light shall linger round us yet,
> Bright, radiant, blest."

We might speak too of young Capt. C. A. Tennant, who could hardly be restrained from the first call of our chief ruler to go forth in defense of his country's honor, by the entreaties of a parent he had never failed to honor. The second call came and "*now I must go*," was the responding word of this young patriot. After months of brave endurance, of active duty, and after passing safely through the perils of one severe battle, he was hit by the deadly missile in another which ended all mortal conflicts for him. A pure-minded, amiable, conscientious member of the "Household of faith," whose last message to his friends in Christ was, "the hope that their prayers might be heard in behalf of the children of the Church subject to so many temptations in the army." "Henceforth," says one of his companions, "let his name be cherished and remembered with reverence by all who have a heart to love and a soul to honor a filial son, a faithful friend, a true soldier and patriot."

And another name which shines before us in bright characters is that of young Gen. Griffin A. Stedman.* But lately written amongst those that belong to the departed, on the enduring rolls of fame, a name of well earned distinc-

* He was also a member of Trinity College.

tion. Although but twenty-six years of age, he had received the appointment of brigadier-general, and yet he had not received it, for it reached his tent while he lay there cold in death. Faithful in the discharge of duty, brave, mature in mind, of a kind and gentle spirit, he was beloved and honored by all grades of his warlike companions, from the highest rank to the humblest, and not only in the army were his fine traits of character appreciated, it was wherever he was known. His superiority was apparent to all who had any intercourse with him; so young, so well qualified to adorn and ennoble all the relations of life, his early removal from us must fill the heart with sorrow.

These are but the beginning names of those who have gone from us, who will be seen amongst us no more. While we think of them the bright hues that used to glow above and around us seem to fade away in the dreary and lengthening shadows; a long night of sorrow and darkness!

To Captain Samuel S. Hayden, who fell in the same battle and was buried in the same grave with Lieutenant Dewey, we must pay a brief tribute of sorrow and affection, and of honor. He was a man of such a genial and

kindly nature that it was impossible not to love him; while his quick insight into human character, his strong common sense, and his fine natural powers were all harmonized and brought into hourly effectiveness by the power of a living faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Rev. Mr. Oviatt, chaplain of the 25th regiment, says, in an address delivered at the funeral of Capt. H. Capt. Hayden was truly a brave man; he was not rash, but he was brave according to Bacon's definition of the word, and united "courage with generosity and dignity of mind," and as an anonymous writer says, "The *brave* man will not deliberately do an injury to his fellow-man."

His patriotism was as pure and self-sacrificing as ever glowed in the bosom of any man. He enlisted in the army not for gain, not for honor, not because he was weary of the routine of life at home, and would be an adventurer, but simply from a stern sense of duty. He had a pleasant home, he was surrounded by loving kindred and friends, he enjoyed the confidence of the community, and he had a competence of worldly good, with common frugality and industry, to enable him to support himself and family comfortably and to contribute something as he wished, to the great causes of benevo-

lence ; while he had passed the meridian of his years, being in the fiftieth year of his age, and was just at the time of life when he felt that he would more than ever find his peace and enjoyment in the bosom of his home and in the society of his friends. His country was in peril. Treason was beating against the constitution and government of the country and seeking most madly to rupture the Union, and the cry to arms was ringing through the valleys and over the hills of New England. The cry roused all the Christian patriotism in him, and that he might do what in him lay to put down this rebellion, he nobly laid himself on the altar and went forth to fight for his country. As he was loyal as loyal could be, and was ready to fight for the preservation of the constitution, so did he hate the institution of slavery, and feel that it must and ought to be in due time "utterly overthrown."—*Memorial address delivered at the funeral of Captain Samuel S. Hayden, at Windsor Locks, Friday, June 19th*, 1863.

The following original verses were given to Mrs. Dewey by a friend as applicable to the brief but noble career of her lamented son.

Thoughts suggested by seeing the picture of an Angel, with his hand resting on the shoulder of a young child, standing on the brink of a precipice, which is concealed from his sight by flowers of varied hue,—portraying the German idea, that so long as the child heeds the Angel's hand, he will be protected from harm.

"As gently falls, in evening hour,
The dew upon that drooping flower,
So from the Angel's wing drops balm,
My darling's anguish'd brow to calm,—
He sleeps,—he wakes,—and life again
Resumes his wonted power to reign.
"Blest Guardian Angel! oh! 'tis joy
To know thy hand rests on my boy."

"Within his path a serpent lies,—
One touch from its sharp fang,—he dies,—
He counts its spots,—my darling boy!
He holds it like a pretty toy,—
He lays it down, with gentle care,
Then passes on as free as air.
"Blest Guardian Angel! Oh! 'tis joy
To know thy hand rests on my boy."

"In youthful pride he now doth stand;—
Oh! will he heed that angel hand?—
Pleasure's gay flowers, of varying hue,
Conceal a chasm from his view,—
One step aside,—and he is gone—
He stops, admires, then passes on.
"Blest Guardian Angel! Oh! 'tis joy
To know thy hand still guides my boy."

" His way is rough and dangers high
Appear where'er he turns his eye.
Ambition's chariot by his side
O'er the rough path can smoothly glide;
With impulse strong he takes the rein,
Then turns and passes on again.
" Blest Guardian Angel! oh! 'tis joy
To know thy hand still guides my boy."

" A cross appears,—and bowing low,
Heaven's armor over him doth throw;
Then from that cross there beams a light
Which makes earth's darkest regions bright,
Which shows that those rough paths but speed
The faithful soldier to his meed.
" Blest Guardian Angel! oh! 'tis joy
To know thy hand rests on my boy."

" Girded with strength he now doth stand,
Ready for duty's stern command.
Ambition's steeds, hoofs crimson dyed,
Now rushing past, spread terror wide,—
His country calls;—and must he go?
He falters not,—he meets the foe.
" Blest Guardian! oh! in fear, 'tis joy
To know thy hand still guides my boy."

* * * * *

" The conflict's past,—and he is gone,—
The sorrowing mother sits alone,—
But will she weep, that he did give
His life, that we in peace might live?
That dying thus, he drew more nigh
To Him, who on the cross did die?
" Blest Guardian Angel! guide in joy,
The stricken mother to her boy."

"And will she weep,—that to his eye,
When those dark battle clouds passed by,
Heaven's plain triumphant was revealed,
Where stand the thousands who are sealed,
Enrobed in white, a glorious band,
With victor palms in every hand?
"Blest Guardian Angel! guide in joy,
The hoping mother to her boy."

"And will she weep,—that wild alarms,
And cannon's roar, and clash of arms,
Melted in music, sweet and low,
Which from the seraphs' harps doth flow,
As his freed spirit took its way,
To heaven's eternal triumph day?
"Blest Guardian Angel! guide in joy,
The waiting mother to her boy."

DANIEL PERKINS DEWEY,

Member of the Junior Class of Trinity College, Lieutenant Company A, 25th Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, killed in the Battle of the Teche, La., April 14th, 1863.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased Almighty God to remove, by a most sudden and untimely death, Lieut. DANIEL P. DEWEY; therefore, we, for ourselves, and in behalf of our Class-mates, in order to express our deep regret at his fate, and our respect for his memory, have

Resolved, That, although acknowledging, in the death of our friend and class-mate, the doings of an all-wise Provi-

dence, yet we mourn his death, and regret the loss to the College and to the Class.

Resolved, That to the Family we extend our heart felt sympathies.

Resolved, That the Class wear the appropriate badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be printed in the City papers, and that a copy be sent to the family.

WM. A. M. WAINWRIGHT, } COMMITTEE.
JOSEPH F. ELY, }

RESOLUTIONS OF THE TRINITY COLLEGE PARTHENON.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased an Overruling Providence to remove by death our late beloved associate and friend, Lieutenant D. P. DEWEY; and whereas, this Society, with which he was connected, desires to give suitable expression to the sorrow which this bereavement has caused: therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow in submission to this afflictive dispensation of Almighty God, we feel that in the death of our former friend, this Society has lost an earnest and most efficient member.

Resolved, That while we affectionately cherish the memory of our departed friend, who died struggling nobly in his country's cause, we will endeavor to emulate his manly traits of character.

Resolved, That we tender our unfeigned sympathy to the friends and relatives of the deceased, hoping that they may be sustained in their affliction by Power from on High.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be published in the City papers, and a copy of them be presented to the relatives of Lieut. Dewey, as a last tribute of respect from those who have known and esteemed his manly virtues.

CHARLES HUSBAND,
C. H. B. TREMAINE, } Committee.

FROM A CLASS-MATE.

IN MEMORIAM.

There is a grief whose silence is more speaking
Than any words the human lips can tell,
Too full of woe for any language—breaking
The sad enchantment of the mournful spell.

And yet the lips can scarce restrain the feeling
That from the heart with words seems brimming o'er,
And in the weakness of its woe appealing
To those whose hearts can make response no more.

Farewell, great heart! gone from the toil and striving;
Gone from the struggle of the Wrong with Right;
Gone from the lesser to the more exalted living;
Gone from the feebler to the fuller light.

Farewell, oh heart! which, great in sacrificing,
The full fruition of thy work shall bless;
Above the press of circumstances rising,
Superior to their fretful littleness.

Farewell, oh heart! most great in self-commanding,
Enjoy the Peace—thy conflict now is done—
The Peace of God, which passeth understanding;
The Peace which crowns the conquest nobly won.

T. R. A.

After an interval of seven months, in which for several unavoidable causes the body of Lieutenant Dewey was detained at the South, his mother succeeded in her efforts to obtain the object of her anxious care. But not till midwinter did she have that melancholy satisfaction. He was buried from Christ Church; the sacred home where he had been religiously educated, and confirmed, and where he had received his first Communion.

We copy from the Hartford *Times*, the touching funeral address of President Eliot, of Trinity College, together with the particulars of the last sad ceremonies:

A Soldier's Funeral.—The funeral of Lieut. D. P. Dewey, of the 25th Regiment (killed in the battle of Irish Bend last spring) took place yesterday afternoon from Christ Church, and was very largely attended. A number of the officers and men of the regiment, the President and Faculty of Trinity College, and many students were present. The body was enclosed in a coffin covered with black cloth, thickly studded with silver nails and handles. A heavy plate bore the name and age (20 years and 10 months) of the deceased. Upon the top of the coffin were several wreaths and crosses of flowers, the sword and cap of the deceased, and the torn and tattered flags of the 25th Regiment. The bearers were non-commissioned officers of the regiment. At 2 o'clock the Rev. Dr.

Clark and Mr. Doane met the body at the vestibule of the church and proceeded up the aisle reading the beautiful burial service of the Episcopal church. On reaching the chancel, the coffin was placed in front of the font and the regular service read by Rev. Mr. Doane. At the conclusion of the lesson, Dr. Clark called upon Professor Eliot, President of Trinity College, for a few remarks. Professor E. responded by walking up the aisle, till standing by the side of the coffin that held the remains of one of the most faithful of students, he pronounced the following eulogium :—

Had these rites been performed, as was intended, in the Chapel of the College, it would have been entirely appropriate for me to have stood as I now stand, by these mute remains, and utter one last word of honor and affection. It is much less befitting that my voice should be lifted up within these walls, and yet, as I have been asked, I am ready to bear my testimony to the character of him whose body lies before us. Here, in these consecrated courts, and before God's Altar, I give witness to the fidelity of this young life, often troubled, often baffled, and yet, as I believe, persistent and devoted, endeavoring to do his best, a warm, devoted friend, a clear-minded pupil, and so meriting not only the approval of his teachers, but, if I may say it reverently, the approval of his Creator. The days of his youth are cut short, and he is called away, as we are apt to phrase it, before his time. But what time was more truly his, than that in which he

had reached the highest limit of earthly achievement in his self-sacrifice? What opportunities are ours, as we linger on, seeking to still our listless desires or subdue our selfish wills; what are ours, beyond that one, sudden, entire opportunity of his upon the battle-field? He feared God and honored the King; that is, he honored the law and the government of his country, and when the hour came to live or to die for them, he was ready to live or to die, as might be best for him and for them. So closed an honorable career; and if we think it too brief, if we mourn the end that came before we were ready to have it come, let us remember that the life of our departed brother is lengthened beyond the span of ordinary lives by the light it enjoys and the duration it partakes in common with the lives of all the true and faithful who have passed from mortality to immortality.

The scene during Professor ELIOT'S remarks was impressive and solemn. The sombre church darkened, the Christmas evergreens, the hushed silence, broken only by the sobs of the bereaved mother, all tended to give an additional power and effect to his remarks, which sank deep into the hearts of all his listeners.

The body was then taken to Zion's Hill Cemetery, where the concluding services were read by Dr. CLARK, and all that was mortal of Lieut. D. P. DEWEY was consigned to its last resting-place.

FROM LYRA GERMANICA.

"When I have conquer'd; then at last
My course is run, good night!
I am well pleased that it is past;
A thousand times, good night!
But ye dear friends, whom I must leave,
Look not thus anxiously;
Why should you thus lament and grieve?
It standeth well with me.

Farewell, O anguish, pain and fear,
Farewell, farewell for ever,
It glads my heart to leave you here,
Redeem'd from you for ever!
Henceforth a life of joy I share
In my Creator's hand;
None of the griefs can touch me there
That haunt this lower land.

Who yet o'er earth in time must roam,
Not yet from error free,
Scarce lisp the language of our home,
The glad eternity.
Far better is a happy death
Than worldly life, I trow;
The weakness once I sank beneath,
I never more shall know.

Lay on my coffin many a wreath,
For conquerors wreath'd are seen;
And lo! my soul attains through death
The crown of evergreen,
That blooms in fadeless groves of heaven;
And this fair victor's crown,
The mighty Son of God hath given,
Who for my sake came down.

'Twas but a while that I was sent
To dwell among you here;
Now God resumes what he hath lent
Oh grieve not o'er my bier;*
But say, 'twas given at His command'
Who takes it, He is just;
Our life and death are in His hand,
His servants can but trust.

That ye should see my grave, alas!
Shows we are frail indeed,
That it so soon should come to pass
Our Father hath decreed;
And He your bitter grief shall still.
Think not too young am I,
For he who dies as God doth will,
Is old enough to die.

Farewell, thou dear, dear soul, farewell!
To those sweet pleasures go,
That we who mourning here must dwell
Not yet, alas! can know.
Ah when shall that great day be come
When these things fade away,
And Thou shalt bid us welcome home,
Would God it were to-day!"—*Sacer*, 1865.

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* "If I never come home again you must not grieve for me, but rather contemplate the glorious cause in which I fell. I have every trust in a kind Providence and whatever He orders we must all submit to." Page 68.

The record of this short life is now ended. From childhood to the years of opening manhood it has been a bright career. Coming into the field, crossing it and vanishing into the infinite beyond, like some bright planet which the astronomer sees through his telescope, one human soul! of more value, our Divine Master has told us, than the whole world!

And what a myriad of lives have been sacrificed since this terrible war begun! Multitudes amongst them have doubtless gone to their everlasting rest. But when "the Lord writeth up the people," what answer can those miserable men give who have brought this war upon us, for "the people" that have perished by their iniquity? "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." And to the oppressors of a helpless race a judgment is surely coming, for "He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, *and shall break in pieces the oppressor.*"

May we "be purified from all our national sins," by this dreadful punishment which has been sent upon us, and may the time come when "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, *neither shall they learn war any more.*"

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